

# *The* American Girl

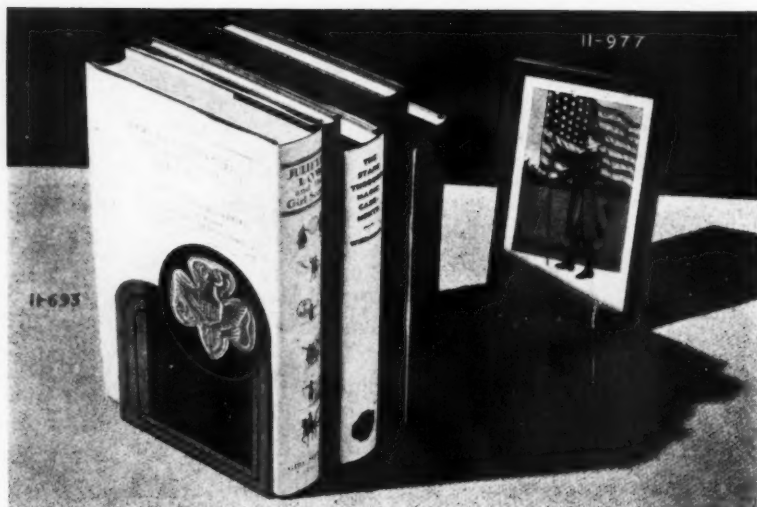
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For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



OCTOBER  
1935

GIRL SHOUT WEEK by EDITH BALLINGER PRICE



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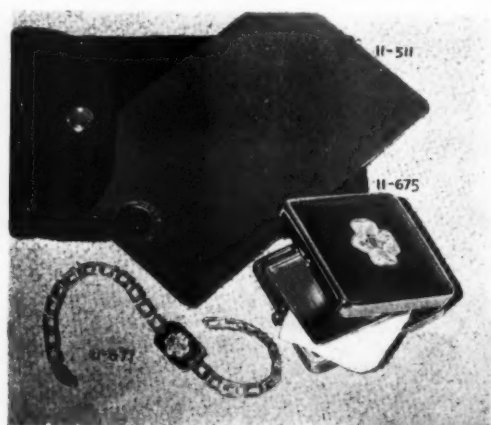
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570 Lexington Avenue  
New York, N. Y.



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

## CONTENTS for OCTOBER, 1935

Cover Design . . . . .	Joseph Stabley
Alice, painted by William Merritt Chase . . . . .	Page 4

### STORIES

Girl Shout Week— <i>Edith Ballinger Price</i> . Illustrated by Merle Reed . . . . .	5
Red Jacket— <i>Janet Ramsay</i> . Illustrated by Ruth King . . . . .	12
The Great Cornelius— <i>Mary Avery Glen</i> . Illustrated by Robb Beebe . . . . .	15
Troubled Waters, Part Four— <i>Edith Ballinger Price</i> . Illustrated by Orson Lowell . . . . .	20

### ARTICLES

Amikuk, the Wily— <i>Alexander Sprunt, Jr.</i> Illustrated by R. Bruce Horsfall . . . . .	9
What Every Girl Should Know About House Decoration— <i>James Russell Patterson</i> . Illustrated by Pelagie Doane, with diagrams by the author . . . . .	23

### POEMS

Aunt— <i>Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i> . Illustrated by William M. Berger . . . . .	19
Song for a Walking Trip— <i>Thomas Tobey</i> . . . . .	32

### GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

The Seven Service Days . . . . .	26
October Is the Month That All Girl Scouts Celebrate! . . . . .	28
Every Week is Girl Scout Week Some Place — <i>Ethel Mockler</i> . . . . .	30

### DEPARTMENTS

In Step with the Times— <i>Latrobe Carroll</i> . . . . .	34
A Penny for Your Thoughts . . . . .	40
Laugh and Grow Scout . . . . .	44
Good Times with Books— <i>Helen Ferris</i> . . . . .	46
Our Puzzle Pack . . . . .	50

ANNE STODDARD, Editor  
ELIZABETH HONNESS, Managing Editor

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570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ERIC SHUMWAY, Circulation Manager  
CHESTER L. ESKEY, Advertising Manager

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*ALICE, painted by William Merritt Chase*



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS  
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

OCTOBER • 1935

## GIRL SHOUT WEEK

*Bobo Witherspoon, newly graduated from the Brownie ranks, took words at their full face value with amazing but hilarious results*

BY EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

**B**OBO Witherspoon had so lately been a Brownie that her wings were barely furled after flying up to the Girl Scout troop. It was a troop in which every one happened to be considerably older than Bobo, and Jane Burke, her patrol leader, looked her over a bit dubiously at one of those first meetings. The troop had sought patrol corners to talk over important matters, and the new member certainly looked very small and out of place.

"Well, Bobo," said Jane, in a rather too motherly voice, "you'll have to stretch yourself to keep step, I'm afraid; but it's a good way to learn the ropes quickly."

"But I know the ropes already," Bobo informed her. "I just passed *all* my Tenderfoot knots; you ask Miss Roberts."

The patrol delightedly giggled and punched one another, but Jane frowned upon them. "Good," she told Bobo. "But you know there's a great deal ahead of you, a great deal. Now," she proceeded, addressing the older members of her group, "we've got a lot ahead of *us*. Do you realize Girl Scout Week is just around the corner—and what are we going to do about it?"

Jane was sucking a lemon-drop as she spoke, and Bobo immediately and unshakably got the impression that it was Girl Shout Week which was just around the corner.

"We never do enough," said Lillian. "The other troops seem to be full of bright intellects that put over something really outstanding."

"We've simply got to make a lot of noise about it this year," Betty decided. "This town isn't Scout-conscious yet."

"I'll say it isn't," Vera put in. "Why, I keep reading about other places where the Community Chest hands over huge sums for Scouting, and all the business men are excited about it, and the Chamber of Commerce really takes it seriously, and all that sort of thing."

*Illustrated  
by  
MERLE  
REED*

"Imagine our Chamber of Commerce even knowing there *was* such a thing as a Girl Scout," Helen sighed.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" Jane demanded.

"What does Miss Roberts think?"

"She's leaving it pretty much up to us, this year," Jane answered. "That's why each and every one of us has got to think, and think hard—and then do, after we've thought."

"Do what?" whispered Bobo hastily to her neighbor on the left.

"Tell people all about Scouting," Vera hissed. "Show what we can do. That's what this week is for."

"How about a pageant?" Helen was wondering.

"Not enough time left," Jane said.

"We'll all go to church in uniform, of course," Betty reminded them.

"Couldn't we have a big sale—collect White Elephants, or sell lollipops or something?"

Bobo frowned, thinking that it would be almost impossible to collect even a few ordinary gray elephants. Circus time was past, and the pachyderms were notably absent from the streets of the home town.

"We could have a rally, or a play-day," Lillian proposed.

"No," said Jane firmly, "it's not a time to amuse *ourselves*. It's supposed to bring Girl Scouting before the public—make them realize what it's all about—stir up interest in trying to get the day-camp on that land of old Bristle's—let people know we're really useful in the community. And we've got to make ourselves *heard*."

"I suppose that's why it's called Shout Week," thought Bobo. "When does it start?" she asked aloud.

"Two weeks from tomorrow," Jane informed her. "If you're lively, you'll be invested by then, and be able to wear

the uniform like the rest of us."

Bobo set herself to be lively. So diligent was she, and so much in earnest—hunting up Miss Roberts in season and out, in order to display her latest bit of Tenderfoot knowledge—that there really was no earthly reason why she should not be invested at her fifth meeting, which fell on the day before Girl Scout Week opened. Truth to tell, Miss Roberts had viewed Bobo quite as dubiously as had Jane, when she flew up to the troop. She tacked such extraordinary interpretations of her own on to the simplest words—garbled statements and directions; you never could tell what might emerge as Bobo's version of the most ordinary thing. Yet she had, too, such endearing, rather puppy-like qualities—such blundering eagerness and clumsy enthusiasm. She was always underfoot, but always cheery and full of misdirected zeal. Yes, Miss Roberts decided, she was very like a puppy—a perfect nuisance, yet most ingratiatingly so.

The investiture was attended by no serious mishap, other than Bobo changing from the Brownie to the Scout salute and back again several times during the course of it. And on the following day, which was Scout Sunday, she appeared at church in a uniform so glitteringly new that it was impossible not to notice it. Her Brownie wings spread across her bosom in a blaze of glory; her Tenderfoot pin shone like a star. But it was after the service that a curious new tendency began to be noticed by all who came in contact with her. As the congregation filed out through the wide Gothic doorway into the autumn sunshine, Bobo grasped the hand of the clergyman who was greeting his parishioners, and shouted at the top of her considerable lung power, "GOOD MORNING, DR. BACON! I'M A GIRL SCOUT NOW!"

"Why, so I see," the reverend gentleman hastened to agree, backing away a little. "So you are. Your uniform is very impressive, and quite spick-and-span. Dear me, I see there are a number of other Girl Scouts in church this morning. I hadn't noticed them before."

Bobo smiled with satisfaction and passed on.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Witherspoon, "do you think Dr. Bacon is deaf? Why on earth did you shout at him like that?"

"It's all right, Mother," Bobo said complacently. "You see, he noticed the Scouts. It worked."

Vera hurried after Bobo, hoping no one would notice that her own uniform was rather outgrown, and wishing that she'd pressed it more carefully.

"What in the world were you doing?" she demanded. "I could hear you yell from half way down the aisle."



"I was just Shouting," replied Bobo, as if that explained everything.

Red Rose Troop had not been able to decide, after all, on anything startlingly new or original with which to celebrate Girl Scout Week. They had finally agreed on a Food Sale and, with the help of Miss Roberts, had established themselves in an empty store on Main Street. A few people came in and kindly purchased edibles which they could as easily and rather more cheaply have bought at a bakery, and Red Rose began to wonder whether this really was doing very much to spread the glad news of Girl Scouting.

WE could have a demonstration, the end of the week," Jane suggested. "Couldn't we use this same store, and have some of us in the window tying knots and bandaging and ironing and whatnot? We really do know how to do a lot of things, and this isn't the way to tell the public about it."

"A good idea," said Miss Roberts who was waiting for ideas to come from the troop and not from her. "Where's Bobo, by the way? I thought *she'd* be here."

"Nobody's seen her round here," Betty complained. "She just likes to strut around in that new uniform, and not do a lick of work."

At that moment a very small Girl Scout was pushing open the heavy door of the Chamber of Commerce offices on Central Square. She rolled up her hat brim at a jaunty angle, gave her Tenderfoot pin a final rub with her cuff, and marched up to the private desk of the president.

"GOOD MORNING!" she shouted in ringing tones, before any one could stop her. "I AM A GIRL SCOUT!"

The president scowled, looked up, then took off his glasses and tilted back in his swivel chair. Thus encouraged, Bobo—for it was indeed she—cleared her throat and cried with



THE PRESIDENT TOOK OFF HIS GLASSES AND LOOKED UP WITH A TWINKLE WHILE BOBO SHOUTED HER GREETING AT MR. BURROWS

amazing loudness.

"PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE GIRL SCOUTS! PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CAN DO! HAVE YOU GOT ANY BABIES TO TAKE CARE OF, FOR INSTANCE?"

All the stenographers sat transfixed at their typewriters, and the president coughed.

"Well—I can't say that I have. I wouldn't keep them here at the office, anyway. But, of course, a lot of people *do* have babies to take care of."

"OF COURSE THEY DO," Bobo agreed resonantly.

"AND THE GIRL SCOUTS KNOW HOW TO HELP THEM. I'M ONLY JUST A NEW TENDERFOOT," she added hastily, but no more quietly, "BUT IN MY TROOP THERE ARE A LOT OF GIRLS WHO DO KNOW HOW! AND THEY CAN DO HOME NURSING—AND—AND—HOSTESS—AND CANNING—AND—LECTRICIAN—AND COOK-LAUNDRESS."

"Well, well!" murmured the president inadequately.

Bobo, who was running down a little, took a new breath and asked in a clarion voice, "IS THIS WHERE YOU KEEP THE COMMUNITY CHEST?" She peered rather accusingly under the president's desk, as if expecting to see a large treasure box studded with brass nails.

"Not exactly," the president told her apologetically. "Mr. Burrows can tell you more about that." He touched a button. "Ask Mr. Burrows to come in here for a moment, please."

"Why, I know Mr. Burrows," Bobo cried with pleasure. "HULLO, MR. BURROWS!" she shouted to the tall man who came from an inner office. "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU LIVED HERE. I'M A GIRL SCOUT NOW, MR. BURROWS, AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU DON'T GET SOME MONEY OUT OF THE COMMUNITY CHEST AND GIVE IT TO THE GIRL SCOUTS?"

Mr. Burrows rubbed his chin. "My gracious, Bobo!" he said. "Is this a hold-up? And we're not deaf, you know. You don't need to shout."

"HAVE TO," Bobo stated flatly. "IT'S PART OF IT. DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT A GOOD THING THE GIRL SCOUTS ARE FOR THIS TOWN? THEY WORK AT THE LIBRARY AND THE DAY NURS'RY, AND THEY 'MUSE AT THE HORSEPITAL. AND THEY FEED BIRDS IN WINTER, AND PLANT THINGS AT THE PARK. AND THEY KNOW HOW TO DO A

WHOLE BOOKFUL OF USEFUL THINGS—" With the air of a magician, she suddenly extracted the green Handbook from some part of her anatomy. "AND THEY ARE OF VALUE TO THE COM-MUNITY. AND THEY NEED A DAY-CAMP AND SCHOLARSHIPS AND—" she hastily consulted a scrap of paper, "AND FUNDS TO ADVANCE THE EDUCATION'L ASPECKS OF THE MOVEMENT. OTHER PLACES GIVE 'EM MONEY OUT OF THE COMMUNITY CHEST—LOTS OF OTHER PLACES. SO WHY SHOULDN'T YOU?"

"Why indeed?" muttered the president, pulling his mustache and looking at Mr. Burrows.

"Tell me, Bobo," said Mr. Burrows, "are all the other Girl Scouts going about with the same—er—persuasive line you're handing out? Did your captain send you here?"

"MERCY, NO!" Bobo exploded. "THEY'RE HAVING A FOOD SALE. THIS WAS ENTIRELY MY OWN IDEA. ON ACCOUNT OF ITS BEING GIRL SHOUT WEEK."

GIRL *what?*" repeated the Chamber of Commerce with one voice.

"SHOUT WEEK—WHEN WE MAKE A LOT OF NOISE AND TELL EVERYBODY ABOUT SCOUT-ING."

The president suddenly got a fit of coughing and dived behind a newspaper. Mr. Burrows chewed his under lip, and then nodded at Bobo.

"I see," he said soberly. "I see. Well, I must say—I can honestly say—that we have never before had the aims and needs of the local Girl Scouts so clearly and, er, *forcibly* presented. Thank you, Bobo! Thank you very much—and good-by."

He bowed her out gravely. It was fortunate that she did not see the state of disorganization to which the office was reduced after her departure.

Old Mr. Bristle was notably a curmudgeon. He was very rich and very ill-tempered. And he was not at all pleased to be disturbed in his afternoon stroll around his garden by a small girl in a gray-green dress who popped up apparently from his chrysanthemum bed.

"HOW DO YOU DO!" the intruder bellowed. "I AM BOBO WITHERSPOON. DO YOU REMEMBER MY FATHER? YOU USED TO PLAY GOLF WITH HIM. I AM A GIRL SCOUT."

"Humph!" snorted Mr. Bristle, while Bobo paused for breath. "That why you're rigged up like that? What's the sense in that, hey?"

"THE GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM IS THE SYMBOL OF SERVICE!" shouted Bobo. "IF YOU SEE A GIRL IN THIS UNIFORM, YOU CAN TRUST HER. AND YOU CAN DEPEND ON HER TO BE HELPFUL AND USEFUL IN MANY WAYS."

"You can depend on her to be a plaguey nuisance," growled Mr. Bristle. "Who sent you in here, hey?"

"I just came," Bobo confided, momentarily dropping her voice. "By myself, because I did so much want to talk to you about your dear little piece of woods out beyond the Park."

"Hey?" cried Mr. Bristle. "What little piece o' woods?"

"See," said Bobo, "you've even forgotten you own it. Out beyond the Park, on Two-Mile Road. The Girl Scouts want it so dreadfully for a day-camp. They *need* it so."

"They do, hey?" grumbled Mr. Bristle. "Do they, indeed?"

"YES!" yelled Bobo, suddenly recollecting herself. "YES, AND IF THEY GET SOME MONEY FROM THE COMMUNITY CHEST, MAYBE THEY CAN BUY IT. AND IF NOT, I'M SURE YOU'D LET THEM JUST USE IT. NOT GIVE IT TO THEM—JUST LET THEM USE IT."

"Use it for what?" Mr. Bristle roared. "For cutting down



all the fine young hickories, and burning up what they don't cut, and littering around with orange peels and paper bags? No sir—no sirree!"

Bobo looked genuinely horrified.

"MR. BRISTLE!" she shouted solemnly. "YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT GIRL SCOUTS, DO YOU? OF COURSE, I'M ONLY A NEW TENDERFOOT—BUT LOOK—" she again produced the Handbook—"LOOK WHAT THEY HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT FIRE P'VENTION, AND CAMPING, AND WATERFRONT SAFETY, AND P'ESERVATION OF WILD AND NATCHEL LIFE, AND—"

Mr. Bristle had snatched the Handbook and clamped on his glasses.

"Humph!" he said presently. "Lot o' good stuff in here. Mean to say these girls are up in all this stuff?"

"OF COURSE!" Bobo bawled with pride.

"Well, haven't they got the Park to play camping in?" Mr. Bristle demanded suddenly.

"OH, NO!" Bobo loudly assured him. "EVERYBODY USES THE PARK. IT'S TOO PUBLIC. BESIDES, THEY DON'T PLAY AT CAMPING. OH, MR. BRISTLE, JUST

THINK HOW MUCH YOU LIKE YOUR GARDEN, AND JUST THINK OF SOME GIRLS WHO LIVE IN LITTLE BITS OF SHUT-UP PLACES AND NEVER GET OUT WITH FLOWERS AND THINGS. YOU SEE THE GIRL SCOUTS MUST HAVE A DAY-CAMP, OR THOSE POOR GIRLS WILL PROBABLY DIE."

"You'll probably die if you keep on yelling like that," Mr. Bristle remonstrated. "Or else I shall. What's the matter with you? Just 'cause I'm old, I'm not deaf."

Bobo explained about Girl Scout Week, and Mr. Bristle sat down suddenly on a garden seat and got red in the face. Then he yelled louder than Bobo, and told a servant to bring out some lemonade. Bobo cooled her rather raw throat, and chatted about the beautiful possibilities of a day-camp. She had large, round, brown eyes, appealingly like a puppy-dog's, and she opened them widely at Mr. Bristle over the rim of her lemonade glass. He gulped his own drink rather chokingly, and kept slapping his stout knee. Bobo looked worried.

"You're not going to have an apo'lectic fit, are you, Mr. Bristle?" she asked anxiously. "I haven't learned yet how to handle such a 'mergency, but I could run and get a girl who does know. THE GIRL SCOUTS ARE VERY USEFUL," she added in an after-thought crescendo.

Mr. Bristle only gasped and slapped the harder, but presently he recovered himself sufficiently to bow Bobo out at his gate, with a chrysanthemum for her button-hole.

The Food Sale had come to a rather dismal end. Red Rose Troop, forced to take home and consume several of the less attractive cakes and the cold baked beans, gathered up the remnants of its wares and prepared to vacate the store.

"That demonstration idea is certainly a lot better," Jane said, sweeping up crumbs. "Miss Roberts is going to find out if we can have the store again. We'll practice up some stunts tomorrow, and make some signs and posters, and we'll put on a really instructive show here before the end of the week."

"We're none of us very bright, not to think of it before," commented Lillian, untying her apron and shaking her uniform.

At that moment, Augusta Wilkins of Bluebell Troop sauntered in.

(Continued on page 47)



MR. BRISTLE WAS NOT AT ALL PLEASED TO BE DISTURBED IN HIS AFTERNOON STROLL BY A SMALL GIRL IN A GRAY-GREEN DRESS WHO POPPED UP APPARENTLY FROM HIS FLOWER BED. "HUMPH!" HE SNORTED WHEN BOBO PAUSED TO TAKE BREATH



# AMIKUK, THE WILY

*eludes mankind, his enemy, but finds the currents of fate too strong*

By

ALEXANDER  
SPRUNT, JR.

Illustrated by  
R. BRUCE  
HORSEFALL



LYING as he was on a bed of slowly heaving kelp, Amikuk might easily have been mistaken for a seal. His flipper-like hind feet projecting into the air as he wallowed on his back enjoying the fine weather, and his nearly four-foot length of body merging into the weed heightened the resemblance.

Full fed and lazily content for the time being, Amikuk dozed and took his ease. Indolent though he looked, careless as was his posture, he was very much alert. His large, liquid eyes missed nothing of his watery surroundings; his marvelously keen ears and nose were constantly on guard. No creature on land or sea understood better that ancient law of eternal vigilance which is the price of safety. Amikuk was old in wisdom—the shyest and wildest of marine mammals, a splendid specimen of a sea otter.

Years before, amid the maze of rocky islets, reefs and shoals which stretch southward and westward from Saanach Island, Alaska, Amikuk had been born, and in the general neighborhood he had spent much of his life. His appearance had altered slightly with the passing years, and now in his prime, he was a magnificent animal. His fur was of a dark brownish hue, almost black, and lay in folds over his muscular body. Advancing years had given it a peculiar frosted appearance because of numerous long guard-hairs of a neutral or bleached shade. Though his fore paws were rather small and comparatively weak, the hind ones were powerful, provided with a fur-covered membrane which rendered them completely webbed. His nose was broad, his eyes wide apart and piercingly keen. Unlike his relative of land-locked waters, he possessed a short tail, slightly tapered.

Highly prized by his greatest enemy, mankind, so far Amikuk had successfully eluded spear, rifle, club and net, but only by unceasing vigilance and the application of his capable brain. He did not know that his wonderfully lustrous hide would bring an enormous price in the fur market, but he did know that all men were his enemies and he governed himself accordingly.

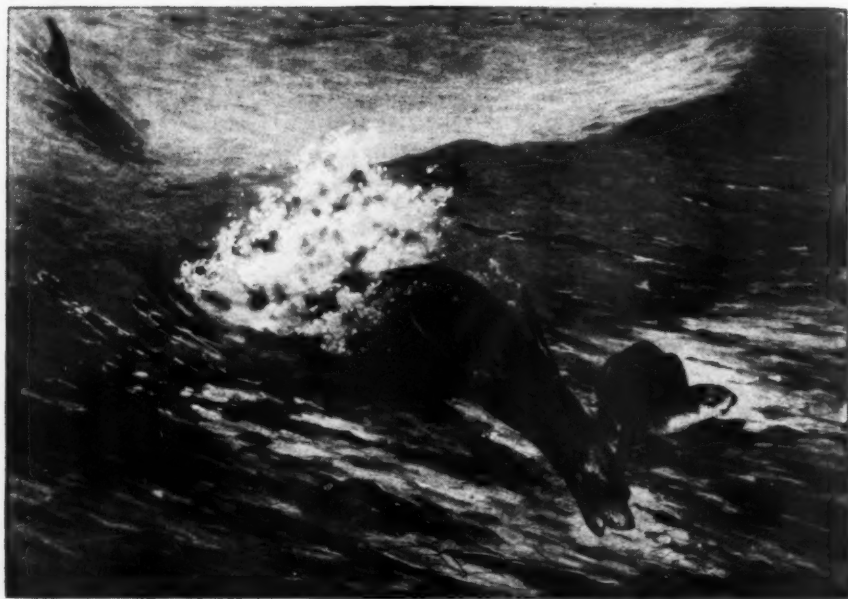
Awakening at length from a nap, which might be said to have been carried on with one eye open, Amikuk realized that it was good to be alive. The sense of play is strongly

HE MADE A GLORIOUS MEAL OF SEA URCHINS AND MUSSELS, KEEPING A CAREFUL WATCH OF THE SHORELINE FOR ENEMIES

developed in the sea otter; in sheer exuberance of spirit he seized a ball of kelp and, lying easily on his back, tossed it to and fro, up and down, catching it expertly in his paws before it touched the water. At length, tiring of this plaything, he flopped over and, raising his head, stared out across the ocean. Emptiness rewarded his scrutiny; reassured by it, he slid off the kelp bed and swam slowly eastward toward his favorite feeding ground.

Some thousand yards offshore of a low rocky beach, a group of jagged boulders thrust their heads above the sea. The surf creamed and foamed about them constantly and the backwash was consequently heavy. Beneath the surface a reef shelved upward and upon it swarmed clams, sea-urchins, and mussels. Myriads of crabs cruised here and there while schools of fish steered swiftly back and forth across the submarine floor.

INTO this teeming world of fish and Crustacea came Amikuk, as he had come so often before. Tilting downward, he seized a couple of clams and mounted to the surface. Lolling there on his back and sides, he beat the shells together until one of them cracked. Applying it to his mouth he sucked out the shellfish greedily and turned below again. Up and down he traveled, striking shell after shell together and devouring the succulent contents, varying his dinner at times with sea-urchins and mussels. He made a glorious meal and his appearances at the surface were punctuated by surveys of the distant shoreline which he had long since found reason to watch. He could not see it, however, on his submarine excursions and, knowing this well, the young Aleut hunter who was watching him from the beach timed his maneuvers to Amikuk's disappearances beneath the surface.



Moving from boulder to boulder, the dark-faced hunter crept closer to the beach and, at last, able to go no further under cover, he took a position behind a round-topped rock and slid his rifle across the summit. More than one fine animal had he shot from such range and had afterward waited patiently until the surf had brought the victim in.

Amikuk, meanwhile, was nearing the limit of his capacity. He had been joined by another otter, for the reef was known to others of his kind. Close together, the two pursued their foraging, first one and then the other breaking the surface. Presently, Amikuk emerged. A sharp hum sounded in his ear and a hollow, muffled "plunk" arose from the water an inch or two behind him as a tiny splash leaped upward. Instantly he dived, passing his companion as the latter ascended.

**D**OUBLING about below, Amikuk reared upward through the water and saw the disturbance on the surface as the other otter rolled into the air. Suddenly the animal gave a convulsive jerk and collapsed, lying motionless and limp. Then, lifting and falling gently with the surges, its body traveled slowly toward the distant beach and the waiting marksman, who squatted beside his boulder and watched its progress with impassive gaze. Amikuk left the reef, swinging seaward, well below the surface, once more a winner in his constant tilt with death, but only by the narrowest of margins.

Out at sea, and unmolested by hunters, Amikuk's life was uneventful enough. He passed days on end without incident; indeed, the great majority of them were fraught with no more interest than that of securing food. The character of his diet made the taking of it rather unexciting, the habits of shell-fish not being conducive to spectacular hunting tactics. Occasionally however, he varied this routine by indulging in the flashing chase of a splendid salmon or other large fish, and these pursuits were whirls of activity and strategy.

Naturally, Amikuk caught frequent glimpses of other oceanic life. Passing whales were a commonplace, while seals and sea lions were as familiar to him as mink and bear are to his fresh-water relatives of the land. His natural enemies were few, and except for voracious sharks were all but wanting. He lived in peace and quiet out at sea much of the time, but even amid its watery wastes he was never entirely safe.

OUT OF THE SEA FLASHED AN ARCHING BLACK SHAPE WITH THE PURSUING FIN OF A SHARK FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND IT

Before he had entirely lost momentum, he sensed that something was wrong.

He felt his forepaws encounter some substance that had not the familiar feel of the oceanic weed. It gave before him, but restricted him also, and in another moment his hind feet were impeded likewise. Push and twist as he might, he felt a loose binding of his limbs by a thin, tough something that defied his efforts. Curiously enough it did not anger him, but rather struck terror into his brain, though it was a terror which did not result in the mad gyrations which most wild creatures indulge in when trapped.

Amikuk lay for some minutes quite motionless, as if completely numbed. Trapped he was, but by no jaws of steel. About him in the kelp bed lay a thin, spreading net of tough sinew, its meshes entwined about his feet. Though he might have destroyed it easily with his formidable teeth, he did not bring them into play. Strangely impotent, amazingly impassive, he seemed utterly petrified by the clinging hold, and lay with staring eyes which soon told him of an even greater danger which was rapidly approaching.

Some hundreds of yards distant but coming fast, was an Aleut hunter in his skin *bidarka*. For hours he had watched the spot where he had spread his net, and now that the quarry had entered it he was as certain of the animal as though it were already in the boat with him. Well did the squat native know that the sea otter rarely, if ever, struggles against the meshes of a net, but he was losing no chance of getting to the scene as soon as possible. It was just before he did get there that an unforeseen thing happened.

From beyond the kelp bed came a sudden boil in the water. An indistinct, blackish object flashed into view momentarily, then disappeared. Behind it came a high black fin, cutting the water like a knife-blade into a wedge of widening ripples. The Aleut squinted down the heaving deck of his frail craft and muttered in his throat. He saw that the chase beyond was headed directly for the inert form of the sea otter, and he realized that it would probably lose his quarry for him.

An arching black shape flashed suddenly out of the sea.

Strangely enough, the activities of some of his neighbors held a prominent place in the big sea otter's destiny. Entirely fortuitous as they were, these brief oceanic dramas sometimes involved matters of life-and-death to some creature not directly concerned in them.

One morning, somewhat weary of a crustacean diet, Amikuk had indulged in chasing fish. With tremendous speed and supple maneuvering he had been highly successful and, satisfied at last, he was ready to rest. He was a mile or two off-shore and he headed toward a group of up-thrusting rocks about which was a heaving bed of kelp, upon which he intended to lie for an hour or so. He drew up to it and, coasting easily, gave a final push with his oar-like hind feet which slid him out on the semi-submerged, undulating mat of vegetation.

glistening like wet India rubber, and in a graceful parabola descended again in a clean dive which smote the kelp bed fairly in the center and missed the trembling Amikuk by a scant foot. Into the edge of the weed came charging that pursuing fin, and a heaving commotion took place among the tough stems there as the huge shark thrashed and battled his way through their clinging tentacles.

Meanwhile, the young sea lion, which the shark had marked for a victim out at sea, arose once more, this time safely on the other side of the kelp, but in rising to the surface it all but collided with the furious Aleut. Swinging hastily aside from this hitherto unseen enemy, the harassed animal dashed away in renewed panic, heading in a circle again for the kelp.

That meteoric chase, brief as it had been, was indeed fortunate for Amikuk. The sea lion's plunge had parted the net like so much pack-thread, and had nearly proved disastrous to the otter himself. As it was, one hind flipper had grazed Amikuk's shoulder, and in the wash of the sea lion's dive he was drawn under the surface and swirled about for a moment, still dazed and uncertain of his fate.

It was not long, however, before he found his movements unhampered except for a trailing section of net which clung to one hind leg. Shaking it violently, he kept below the surface and swam away from the kelp canopy as rapidly as possible. Even in his half-bemused state he had enough wit left to keep clear of the surface for, subconsciously, the vision of the waiting Aleut was in his brain. Sure enough, the dusky hunter still sat watching the sea with a fast-fading hope that the otter might reappear, though his slant-wise, disappointed gaze noticed nothing except the blank waste of heaving waters.

So again fate had intervened and Amikuk was free, but

the margins of escape seemed always narrower and death closer. In another hour, however, his experience was only a memory, and he was headed for his feeding reef as though he had never had a close call in his life.

Some week or two after this last escape, a northern gale was blowing itself out across the ocean. The seas were still high and, though causing Amikuk no particular inconvenience, were bad enough to make him satisfied to stick his head into the kelp in order to avoid the blasts of wind and spray. With several of his fellows, he lay in the lee of a wave-lashed rock, and patiently awaited the end of the decreasing storm.

**T**HOUGH often employing this method of shielding his head in bad weather, Amikuk was not, like the fabled ostrich, oblivious of his surroundings at such times. He made frequent surveys of the situation and this was just as well, for on one of them he was rewarded. Being somewhat further out from the rock than the rest of the otters, he had a better view of the vicinity and so saw the light skin boat as it crept perilously close to the foam-lashed boulder and rounded it successfully.

Instantly on guard, and seeing at once that there was only the one craft, the big otter kept his head just above the water and watched steadily. Past experience had taught him what was to be expected, but there was always the chance that it might only be a couple of men on their way to or from some distant hunting ground. He saw the frail shell, magnificently handled, ease up to a thick bed of kelp, saw the Aleut in the bow lean slightly forward and raise a short, heavy club. For a moment the man maneuvered cautiously, then the club came swiftly down. The hunter reached out, drew a limp, dark body across the *bidarka's* deck and motioned to his companion in the stern to proceed.

The skin boat glided forward to (Continued on page 43)

ON THE ICE-FLOE THE EXHAUSTED AMIKUK FELL INTO UNTRoubLED SLEEP, UNAWARE OF THE DREAD DANGER THAT MENACED HIM





*It took a frightening adventure to awaken Barbara to the unrealized hospitality of her heart*

BY JANET RAMSAY

# RED

ALICE ENRIGHT and Monty Powell were talking it over, parked in Monty's veteran roadster. Barbara Robbins had just gone by on the other side of the street at a noticeably determined stride, her head high, her eyes focused far-away, a grim set to her mouth. Only at their cordial "hoo-hoos" had she seemed to take notice of her surroundings. Even so, she went straight on, after a startled "Hello!" and a friendly signal of her hand. That wasn't like Barbara. Monty quashed an impulse to sing out, "Swing aloft in the rumble seat, you and the canine, and we'll drive you home!"

In no time tall, springy Barbara and a magnificent bull terrier just grown out of puppyhood, his coat dazzling white in the September sun, had streaked from their sight. Barbara had brought the dog back from England last month, with kennel papers which registered his name as Albion X, fitting his dignity and pedigree. Albion came of a ferocious strain. His ancestors, scores of dog-generations ago, had been bred for the bull pit, but Albion himself was as gentle as a cocker, ready to wigwag a responsive tail to any friend of Barbara's. Already the girls in her club, the Friday Afternoon Dozen, had shortened his kingly title and elected "Albie" their mascot.

"Funny she didn't stop," Alice remarked, wistfully.

"She wouldn't high-hat us, even if she'd shaken hands with Queen Mary herself," Monty answered.

AND you're telling me!" Among the F. A. D.s, as the club members initialed themselves, Alice and Barbara had always paired off with a special intimacy. "Barbara's feeling just the opposite of lofty. Something's got her down these days, and she doesn't want to talk."

"Maybe some one has broken her heart." Grinning impishly, his eyes like slits under drooping lids, Monty made a pumpkin face of his round pinkish countenance.

"Crazy!" Alice, though hurt and puzzled, had to laugh.

"I was only trying to think of something cheerful," he excused himself. "Don't get the glooms over Barbara. She'll snap out of it."

No one in the crowd had observed any difference in Barbara when she first came back to Eastpoint. But when their excitement, after hitting the boiling point over the Athletic Association fair, had steamed down, they began to admit that the summer had effected an odd change in her disposition. Barbara was droopy. Though every F. A. D. had counted on hearing from her about King George's and Queen Mary's Silver Jubilee, her report didn't add much to the newsreel views. Hadn't it given her gooseflesh to go to the Tower of London and see the block where they chopped off Anne Boleyn's head? Susan Masters envied Barbara her visit to Madame Tussaud's waxworks, with its line-up of dummy kings and queens. Had she really seen the Chamber of Horrors, too, all those gory murders in tableaux, Kathie Barnes begged to know, with a stagey shudder. But Barbara's forced descriptions let them down.

After wondering over it in loyal silence for a week, Clara Dean mentioned Barbara's moodiness to Jean Walker. Of course she wouldn't snub her friends, Clara observed, a cloud of worry on her gentle eyes. Maybe Barbara was sick.

"That young Amazon!" Jean sped back her exclamation the way she placed a tennis ball, with a zing and punch.

"Maybe she has lost weight from exercising Albie, but she's as healthy as we are." Flexing her racquet arm, Jean raised a knot of muscles to witness her own fitness.

"Just the same, I'm bothered about her," Clara went on. "She's in a funk. When the rest of us get that way we tell some one, or we make up dreams about our careers. But Barbara doesn't care a whoop about a career. She just wants to be a person. A grand, real person."



WYLIE LOUNGED ON THE PORCH RAILING FOR A MOMENT, PUZZLED BY THE CHOKINESS OF HER VOICE

Indirectly, Barbara's name came up that afternoon in another, three-sided conversation. Kathie Barnes and Dorinda Wells had waylaid Dick Harris after school. It was still a secret, even from the other F. A. D.s, they told him, but Dorinda, who was going to be a playwright, had finished her first opus. To put it on, at their annual Halloween party, the girls would need masculine support, and they had chosen to cast Dick as the villain. Staid Dick accepted the rôle, with a show of wit. Anything to oblige Kathie.

"It's all right by me. Do I wear black mustaches and a mask?"



# JACKET

Illustrated by  
RUTH KING



"This is a sophisticated drama," Kathie reproached him with dignity. "I'm playing the lead."

"Naturally," Dick commented. "Who else is in the show and doesn't know about it yet?"

Dorinda checked off names on her fingers, a hand's worth. "We need Barbara and Wylie, too."

"She's slipping in her Latin," Dick reminded them dubiously.

What was wrong with Barbara, they asked each other. Dorinda, a clergyman's daughter, plump as a dumpling, whose only holiday excursion had been the Presbyterian Sunday School picnic, couldn't understand why lucky

Barbara should be so low-spirited. Wouldn't her own tongue clapper, she said, giggling, if she had taken Barbara's marvelous trip? Why, she wouldn't stop talking for a year.

"I don't think she means to act mysterious," Kathie granted.

"No, Barbara never poses," Dick added drily.

A REAL person like Barbara doesn't suddenly go out of character unless there's a cause for it." Dorinda, the F. A. D.s' débutante dramatist, liked to use the terms of her craft. "We've got to find the motivation," she began, impressively. "It's easy enough to explain why she doesn't talk about whatever it is that's sunk her. She's used to working out everything personal in her own mind, not having any mother. Barbara wasn't much more than a baby when her mother died. . . . You live a long time between three and seventeen. Enough years to *set* you." Dorinda's expression was sage and sympathetic.

If anybody could draw Barbara into the fun of the Hallowe'en play, that person was Wylie MacDill. Outside high school hours, Wylie worked for Barbara's father, president of the Eastpoint National Bank. He and Barbara linked interests in lots of ways. Maybe he held the clue to her baffling aloofness. Dick agreed to speak to Wylie about Dorinda's show and to ask him to use his influence with Barbara.

Wylie eagerly took on his job as emissary. Barbara had been holding out on him, too. The play was a swell idea. It might pull her out of her bog. After dialing two figures of her telephone number, he decided not to call up for a date. She might put him off. He'd just turn up casually after dinner and diplomatically work the conversation around to the Hallowe'en theatricals.

The Robbins's house stood high above the level streets of Eastpoint, its approach a path bordered with flowers that bloomed variously with the progressing seasons. Dusk, just gone, had taken with it the red and purple of a late growth of asters which Wylie could see now only as small rosettes of darkness in the mild deepening night. There was no stir at his quiet



"MOVE UP, ALBIE!" SHE WAS MANAGING HER VOICE BETTER NOW. "THERE'S ROOM FOR WYLIE HERE TOO IF YOU'LL JUST STOP SPREADING YOURSELF SO"

arrival on the steps. But just before he put a finger on the doorbell, his eyes made out an oddly huddled mass of white on a seat at one end of the long porch. Albion yipped cordially, and Barbara's head jerked up from its bent contact with the dog's. The bulk of white separated into two figures.

"Hello!" Barbara called chokily. "Let's stay out here."

Wylie lounged on the porch railing for a moment, puzzled by the tone of her voice.

**M**OVE up, Albie." She was managing her voice better now. "There's room for Wylie, too, if you don't spread yourself."

As Wylie came nearer, a beam from a lighted window fell revealingly on her face, channeled with tear-tracks, and when he patted Albion's head, his hand touched dampness. With the mission he had come on quite ousted from his mind, he hunched Albie over and sat down.

"I'm sorry if I've barged in at the wrong time, Barbara." Wylie, Scotch from away back, couldn't pretend. "What's caused the crash?" he blurted out.

"I don't want a stepmother," she answered with equal bluntness.

"Well—honestly! . . . Why do you think you're going to get one?"

"You make it sound like a disease." Shakily, Barbara tried to laugh.

It irked her to be caught crying by Wylie. She lifted her chin, mastered her twitching lips, and peered straight ahead, blinking her eyes dry. Now she looked to Wylie like the usual Barbara, the line of her profile resembling a face engraved on some antique Greek seal.

"If it's a disease," he asked, "when were you exposed to it?"

"On the boat, going to England last summer."

Her nervous hand went out to Albion, wedged panting between them. Since her resolve not to talk had been broken down by chance, it would be a relief to confide in Wylie who would guard her trust staunchly. His own father was dead. He wouldn't welcome the intrusion of a stepfather in his life. He could understand how she felt, better than any of the F. A. D.s who would probably get sentimental if she confessed her qualms to them.

"Go ahead," Wylie urged her shyly. "What's she like?"

"She's pretty, and charming, and young . . . that's the danger."

"Yes," he conceded. "Your father's pretty brisk for forty-five." It seemed a remote age to Wylie. "Is Miss Whoever she is a good hand at sports—like your dad?"

"She never played anything but a violin in her life. Can't swim, or ride. Marjorie Page is her name. Music is her line. She's a professional." Barbara swept forth the jumbled in-

formation like bits of cardboard to be fitted into a jigsaw picture of Marjorie Page. "If you get what I mean, she's the exact opposite of me. She's blond and fluffy-haired. My chin could rest on her head. You know—the sort of person people are always looking out for. She'd probably scoot from a calf if she met one in the road." With sporting fairness, Barbara caught herself up short. "She's a grand musician, though. We heard her play at the ship's concert. Her music did things to me. Sort of melted me down. The three of us had some swell times together in England. I liked her a

lot then. But when she came back on the boat with us, I had a hunch where Dad was headed."

In Wylie's mind the jigsaw picture of Miss Page was rapidly taking form. Comfortingly, he suggested, "As stepmothers go, she doesn't sound like a tragedy." Then, with less can-

dor, "Maybe you've imagined the whole thing, anyway."

Barbara gave him back an emphatic "no." Her imagination hadn't been working morbidly overtime. Lately, each morning's mail had brought a letter addressed in Marjorie's familiar script. This evening, after dinner, her father had announced an immediate trip to New York. He was leaving by the earliest train tomorrow morning. As though she didn't care to hear what else he seemed ready to say, she had walked out on him, only a few minutes before Wylie had discovered her.

"So," said Wylie, "that seems to clinch that."

"And I suppose I've got to let him speak his mind out tonight."

"The sooner the better." Wylie got up. "I'll run along now." He would have liked to land a whack of encouragement on her shoulder. Instead, he thumped Albion heartily between the ears. "Dodging isn't your game, Barbara. You can take it."

Barbara opened the front door, whistling Albion in. "Come on, partner," she whispered. "We've got to take it, but it's a sock on the chin."

Three afternoons later, the big news broke in the columns of Eastpoint's daily *Gazette*. Mr. Henry Robbins had been married yesterday, in New York, to Miss Marjorie Page. Kathie, still scanning the item, sped to the telephone and whirled the dial to Dorinda's number. (Continued on page 39)



THROUGH THE MEADOWS RACED BARBARA WITH THE POWERFUL WHITE TERRIER AT HER HEELS, AFTER THE DIMINISHING BLUE SPECK THAT WAS MARJORIE

# THE GREAT CORNELIUS

*Sue Kingsley takes her first job in the business world and discovers that in an emergency she can use her head*

BY MARY AVERY GLEN



SUE LAID HER WORK ON MISS BAYLISS'S DESK.  
"WHO IS CORNELIUS ISHAM?" SHE INQUIRED

ON a Saturday afternoon in mid-October Sue Kingsley, on her way home from the railroad station, turned aside into a pleasant street arched over with fine trees. She ran up the steps of an old-fashioned brick apartment house and touched a bell. The door latch clicked, and she stepped into the hall and trotted up two red-carpeted flights, her gloved hand sliding along the mahogany balustrade. Her friends, the Merriam girls, lived with their aunt on the top floor.

Meg, the younger Merriam, met her at the head of the stairs, and with a welcoming shout dragged her into the living room. "My gracious, Sue, but you're dressed up!" She stood off before peeling the visitor out of her suit coat. "Kid gloves 'n' everything!"

Sue did look trim in her dark blue *ensemble* with white crossbarred ruffles at the throat. Her hair was gathered into a shiny brown bunch of curls at the nape of her neck. She was panting from the stairs, but her eyes were animated and

her practical little mouth turned up cheerfully at the corners.

"I'm just off the train. Where's Phyl?"

At the sound of her friend's voice, Phyllis Merriam dashed up the hall from the back of the apartment. She and Sue rushed together and embraced. They might have been separated a year instead of only a week.

"Take the easy chair," cried Meg. "Take two chairs! Tell us all about your job. It must be hard to get to New York by nine o'clock every morning."

Relaxing into the depths of a big chintz-covered rocker, Sue planted her patent leather pumps on a footstool. "I couldn't get to see you before, girls. I've been practicing stenography every evening, trying to increase my speed. Mother reads me the newspaper editorials."

"You don't know how I've missed you in school," Phyl declared, dropping to the piano bench. "It's been something terrible."

"I'll say it wasn't easy for me to leave school!" Sue's tone





WHEN HE SPOKE AGAIN HE WAS AFFABILITY ITSELF. "WELL—LET ME SEE. THAT OUGHT NOT TO BE IMPOSSIBLE"

Illustrated by ROBB BEEBE

was grim. "But when Father had that last salary cut there wasn't any choice. I just had to get out and help him. It's some responsibility these days to be the oldest of a big family of children."

"Let's hear about the job," Phyl urged. "How are you getting on?"

Sue paused soberly. "I'll get on better when I begin to see through things. Of course, I've only been in the place a week."

"What's Mr. Barstow like?"

"He seems nice. But he doesn't speak to me often except to say good-morning. My real boss is Miss Corinne Bayliss. She's Mr. Barstow's secretary and I'm her assistant. There are only the three of us in the office."

"What's *she* like?" Meg demanded.

"She's all right. I like her. She's fair about everything. And, boy, is she good-looking! She scares me, though. She's got such an air, and she knows such a lot."

"Don't you worry, Sue." Phyl regarded her admiringly. "Aunt Marcia thinks you'll make a fine business woman."

"There's one thing that bothers me," Sue confessed. "I'm getting such a small salary. I can't help much at home yet. I oughtn't to have gone to Squibnocket last August, girls. But I didn't know then how bad things were, and Mother was determined I shouldn't miss the fun."

"Well, Sue!" Miss Marcia Merriam came into the room to get a needle from her sewing-basket. She took the girl into her comfortable arms and kissed her warmly. "I think you've grown six inches taller since you started going to New York."

Sue laughed. "Don't tell me that, Aunt Marcia. I was tall enough before. If my legs get any longer I'll be in the flamingo class!" She turned to Meg. "Where'd you put my coat, Nutmeg? I must go home. Mother expects me on that train."

Sue had never known so short a week-end. Before she realized it, Monday morning had come again, and at five minutes before nine she was sliding upward in an elevator of the downtown skyscraper where she worked. The door slammed open at the twenty-second floor and she stepped out among the group of people scattering down the hallway.

Before the office door of Warren E. Barstow and Company a man in a janitor's cap was squeezing a mop through a jingling wringer on the side of a pail. He allowed her to slip past him before sloshing the mop on the tiled floor of the hall.

As Sue stood beside her desk in the outer office Miss Bayliss came out of Mr. Barstow's room. Miss Bayliss was a handsome woman of perhaps thirty-five, clad in gray tweeds of English cut. Her coat on the clothes-tree bore the label of an exclusive importing house.

"GOOD-MORNING, Miss Kingsley." She handed the girl a sheaf of papers. "One original copy and two duplicates, please. You can put the mail on Mr. Barstow's desk and I'll attend to it there. Mr. Barstow won't be in today," she added as she turned away. "He's in Washington. He'll be back tomorrow forenoon."

The papers proved difficult typing. When the copy was finished, Sue was surprised to see that the clock over the hall door pointed to twenty minutes before twelve. She tiptoed into the inner office and laid her work on the desk at Miss Bayliss's elbow. Miss Bayliss was busy and did not look up.

Standing beside her, Sue ventured to ask for information. "Who is Cornelius Isham? His name is mentioned so often in these papers."

Miss Bayliss swung around in her swivel chair. She regarded Sue keenly. "I'm glad you ask questions of this kind. Miss Kingsley. You can't be efficient unless you understand



"I HOPE YOU AREN'T OFFENDED," SUE QUAVORED. THERE WAS A PAUSE IN WHICH SHE SUFFERED. THEN—WONDER OF WONDERS!—SHE HEARD THE GREAT MAN LAUGH



what you're doing." She paused. "Cornelius Isham is a banker. There's no greater financier in the country. You'll notice his name often in your morning paper."

"Is Mr. Barstow doing business with him?"

"We hope to do business with him," Miss Bayliss said. "But, naturally, he's a difficult man to contact. If we could secure his interest here—" she tapped the papers lightly with her pencil—"it would be a great achievement for this office."

"My gracious!" Sue blurted out with indiscretion. "If he should call on the telephone I'd be scared to death."

"Of course, in that case, you would immediately refer him to Mr. Barstow. Or to me. By the way, you'd better go out to your lunch now. It's a quarter before twelve. Be sure to be back at twelve-forty-five. I want to go early myself."

Sue's noon-hour included a few blocks' brisk walk, a sandwich in a crowded tea room, and a reassuring glimpse of the pigeons in Old Trinity churchyard.

As she returned to her desk Miss Bayliss passed her, drawing on her gloves. "I'll be late today, Miss Kingsley. You can tell anyone who calls that I'll be in at two-thirty." She closed the hall door behind her and Sue was alone.

"Maybe I can empty my filing basket before she comes in," Sue thought, and bent to the work with conscientious zeal. For more than an hour there was quiet in the room, broken only by the distant rat-a-tat-tat of riveting on a new building farther down town. Then the telephone rang.

When alone in the office the ringing of the 'phone worried Sue. It so often meant a challenge from the great New York world outside, brusquely demanding that she deal with some matter with which, in her inexperience, she was utterly unable to cope. "And above all," it always seemed to say, "don't keep us waiting!"

So she frowned and took off the receiver with a reluctant hand. "Hello?"

There was a moment of silence. Then an almost unin-

telligible voice, booming and hollow, smote upon her startled ear. "Washington calling Miss Corinne Bayliss."

Sue's heart pounded. She had never spoken over long distance before, except for an occasional chat with a school-mate in a neighboring town. But now she perceived that her first lesson in the real thing was at hand. "Washington calling Miss Corinne Bayliss," again insisted the inexorable voice.

"Miss Bayliss isn't in, but I can take a message." Sue spoke as distinctly as she could.

SHE could half hear a discussion at the other end of the wire. Then the booming tone again, "Go ahead. Here's your party."

And next a thin, small voice, miles away, that nevertheless she could recognize as Mr. Barstow's. "Is that you, Miss Kingsley? You say that Miss Bayliss is not in? Well, give her this message, please. Tell her that I have information that Cornelius Isham is spending today at his New York office. He will leave for Chicago tonight. Ask her to get in touch with him by 'phone and, if possible, make an appointment for Mr. Fearon and myself to meet him at his Chicago office some day next week. Any day that suits his convenience. Tell Miss Bayliss this is extremely important."

"Yes, Mr. Barstow. I'll tell her," murmured Sue.

"Things all right in the office?" went on the voice—and then, without waiting for a reply, "Good-bye."

"Well," Sue said to herself, "I did it! Now it's up to Miss Bayliss." She wrote a memorandum of the message and laid it beside her typewriter. "It's nearly time for her now."

The minutes ticked on and, on her knees before the lowest drawer of the filing cabinet, she lost count of time. Presently she sprang to sudden attention.

"Why, it's three o'clock! Where's Miss Bayliss? She said she'd be back at two-thirty. I hope she's coming back! Mr. Isham'll be gone in two hours. What if he should leave before five? Oh, you don't suppose I'll have to do it!"

She dropped into her desk chair, but she could not fix her mind on her work. By three-fifteen she was thoroughly frightened. Some action on her part began to seem necessary.

"Miss Bayliss may not come back at all. I'll wait till three-thirty and then I'll call him myself. He'll probably leave early for his train. What can I say to Mr. Barstow if I don't? Oh, I hope I won't get scared and boggle it!"

At three-thirty Sue went over the top. She looked up the number, gritted her teeth, and reached for the telephone. "May I speak to Mr. Cornelius Isham, please?"

"Mr. Isham's in conference. Who's calling?" The voice sounded hard-boiled. It had a parrot quality born of many repetitions of the same formula.

"Barstow and Company."

"Give me your number. I'll call you when he's at liberty."

Sue gladly complied. "That's splendid," she thought, relieved. "Miss Bayliss'll surely be back by the time he 'phones. Unless she's been run over or something."

Five minutes of four and still no Miss Bayliss! Sue called Isham and Company a second time. But to no effect. She received the same parrot-like assurance that Barstow and Company would be informed when the financier was at liberty.



THE GREAT CORNELIUS SMILED. HE TOOK SUE'S SHRINKING LITTLE HAND IN HIS FIRM CLASP WHILE MR. BARSTOW LOOKED ON IN AMAZEMENT

By four-fifteen she was in a panic. The mental picture of Mr. Isham, suitcase in hand, rushing out early to catch the Chicago train, overwhelmed her. She heard the door of the elevator slam and ran to the hall in the vain hope of seeing the approaching figure of Miss Bayliss. But there was no one in sight but a telegraph boy. He took off his cap, placed a yellow paper in the crown, clapped it on his head again, and whistled himself blithely down the hall.

Four-twenty-five. Sue took her life in her hands and 'phoned Mr. Isham again.

"He's still in conference," said the voice, insolently this time. "I told you I'd call you when he was at liberty."

The truth dawned then on poor suburban Sue. The girl at the switchboard had been instructed to put no one on her chief's wire. There he was in his office, but completely sealed away from her and her weighty message. A message which might perhaps, could it be delivered, lead to that great achievement on the part of Barstow and Company.

Maybe it was a suggestion received from the boy in the hall, or more likely the sight of a block of telegraph blanks on the corner of her desk, that sent a new idea whirling into her distracted brain. She sprang suddenly to her machine and typed the banker's name and address at the top of a sheet of paper. She pondered a moment and clicked out a couple of lines:

"Please telephone me this afternoon at my office, Vesey 5-1339. Important."

She hesitated, then with a firm touch signed at the bottom *Warren E. Barstow*. "Mr. Barstow would tell me to do it.

I'm his agent." She called the telegraph office and read her message over the wire.

Time passed. Sue could hear through the open transom the drowsy hum of the elevators, occasional footsteps going by the office door, and disconnected scraps of conversation. She waited with idle arms hanging at her sides. She had played her last card.

At three minutes of five the telephone rang. "Mr. Isham calling Mr. Warren E. Barstow. Are you ready?" Could Sue believe what she heard? Had the great moment come, after all?

"Yes," she answered. Her hands were icy cold.

"Well, put 'im on!" the switchboard girl snapped rudely.

AND then a suave, important voice. "Mr. Barstow? This is Mr. Isham. Good aft—"

Was it possible that Sue heard herself interrupting Cornelius Isham? "Mr. Barstow isn't here. He's in Washington today. This is his secretary, Susan Kingsley," she poured forth breathlessly.

Instantly the voice froze into impatience. "Oh, no, you're mistaken. Mr. Barstow is in New York. I have just received a telegram from him, asking me to call him at his office."

"Mr. Isham, I sent that telegram," Sue confessed. "You see, Mr. Barstow 'phoned from Washington. He wanted an appointment made for him and Mr. Fearon to meet you at your Chicago office some day next week. I 'phoned you three times this afternoon, but the switchboard girl always said you were in conference. So I tried a telegram. I hope you aren't offended."

There was a pause in which Sue suffered. Then—wonder of wonders!—she thought she (Continued on page 48)



# AUNT

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

I had an aunt when I was small  
Who said my wrists should rest  
Just so upon the table's edge,  
And silence was the best.

She said a face scrubbed new with soap  
Was godliest of things;  
She made me do my numbers when  
My head was full of kings.

When games ran in my blood, I sat  
Chained to the oar of words;  
She got me early into bed  
To shame the summer birds.

For her the world was tasks to do,  
And streets were very straight;  
The rising sun said, "Time to rise!"  
The stars said, "It is late!"

But in the errands that I ran  
Somehow on my feet  
I felt white things alive like wings  
That made old Hermes fleet.

And somehow in my chores I grew  
A stiff bone in my back  
That made me stand as Alfred stood  
When the world was black.

And when I see the stars keep rank  
Across the ancient night,  
I think that aunts and laws are things  
Lovely as the light.



*Tristram*



# TROUBLED WATERS

BY EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

THE MINNIE B. ROLLED AWKWARDLY ON  
AMONG THE SENSED BUT UNSEEN DANGERS  
OF REEF AND ISLAND, OBSCURED BY FOG

## The Story So Far:

Kit and Libby Hamilton spent their summers at primitive Todd's Hole, on Piper's Island where their parents had a cottage. They wore slacks or shorts, and adored the freedom of the island. Their visiting cousin, Constance Blake, accustomed to fashionable resorts, was shocked at the simplicity of Todd's Hole though she enjoyed its salty atmosphere and quaint characters—"Aunt Minnie" and Cap'n Abel Baxter, Cap'n Sol Browning, and the sorely troubled young fisherman, Bill Longman, whose nets were being cut by an unknown enemy. Nets of other fishermen were cut, too, and Cap'n Abel planned to take his old schooner, the "Minnie B.," out patrolling, but his rheumatism prevented.

The Jenks family were the only other summer residents. Their daughter, Violetta—always called "Jenks"—was a decided tomboy. She secured Cap'n Abel's permission for the four girls to camp for a week aboard the "Minnie B." which had been tied up at the wharf for years. Kit and Libby were enthusiastic, though Constance was somewhat doubtful. They took food and blankets aboard, and pretended they were on a voyage. A fog came up and, the second night of their stay, they woke to find the schooner adrift. Her hawsers, evidently, had been cut.

## PART FOUR

JENKS, nominal skipper of the *Minnie B.*, was the soundest sleeper aboard that night. It took all hands to rouse her into full realization of what was happening.

"Eh? What?" she croaked, struggling up at last and knocking her head on the sharp edge of the bunk above. "At sea? This is a rotten time of night to make jokes."

"No joke," said Kit grimly. "Don't you feel that roll? Do you think *that's* happening tied up to Baxter's Wharf?"

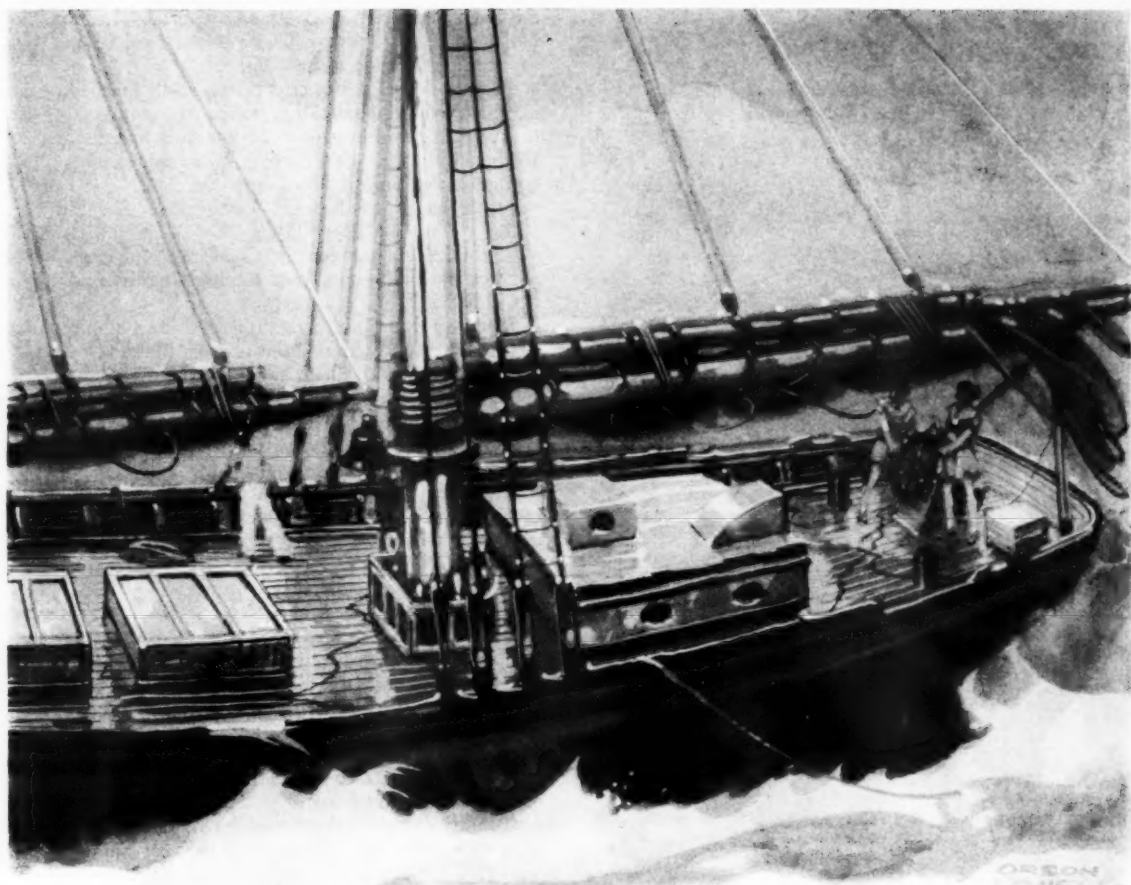
Jenks whistled. "Whew!" she said, and was silent until—barefooted and in her pajamas—she had scrambled up to the wet deck. The *Minnie B.*, as she stumbled blindly onward through the dense night, was indeed pitching royally. She made a great noise about it, too; her masts and timbers creaked, her slack gear slapped and slatted, a loose block banged against her foremast at every roll. Left to itself, her wheel spun without meaning as her rudder swung aimlessly. Jenks took a look around and groped her way aft.

"Don't anybody slip overboard," she commanded in a loud voice. "It's pitch dark, and skiddy. We've got to try and steer her a little. Go get some clothes on, and then come and relieve me at the wheel when you're dressed, Kit."

"What good will it do to steer her, Jenks?" Libby asked, trying not to let her voice show that she was crying. "Y-you can't see where we're going—and she's not sailing."

"She's drifting, though," Jenks answered. "Fast. We're in some good, snappy tide-rip—I only wish I knew which one. She's got steerageway, and at least we can keep her steady, if only for the sake of Cap'n Abel's rudder. She'll jolt herself to pieces if she yaws around like this forever."





*Four girls adrift in a blinding fog, at the mercy  
of treacherous currents and dangerous hidden reefs*

Constance, who had huddled into her clothes, was clinging desolately to the after rail—rather sick, and frankly terrified.

"Do you know how to steer a boat, Connie?" Jenks yelled at her.

"I'm afraid—I don't," Constance wailed. "I-I've never even been on a boat like this before."

"I admit this is something like steering the Flying Dutchman," Jenks said. "A pretty ghostly proposition." She had settled herself at the wheel, steadying the kick of the rudder, trying to ease the *Minnie B.* along in the course of the tide-run that had taken her. "I thought maybe you could handle her for a few minutes while I got some shoes on," Jenks added to Constance. "My feet are clammy and my hair's trickling down my neck like a watering-pot. Ah, here's Kit! Can't give you the course, Kit—just humor her along. You can feel what she wants to do."

Kit took over the wheel silently, and Jenks dashed below, her bare feet padding wetly across the slippery deck.

"What time is it?" Constance asked faintly.

"Quarter past four," Kit said in a strained, level voice that didn't seem to be hers. "We ought to get a little light pretty soon. Though it won't do us much good if this ghastly fog doesn't let up."

"We—could run aground on one of the islands, couldn't we?" Constance wondered suddenly.

"All too easily," Kit agreed. "Smash up Cap'n Abel's

darling *Minnie B.*, and maybe get ourselves seriously drowned while we were about it."

"Don't think so," said Jenks, suddenly appearing out of the thick darkness. "You know how the tide goes sneaking in and out among the islands when it's running. It'll just take us neatly by, like a chip in a brook,—unless we hit an outlying rock or something. In a way I'm just as glad we can't see where we're going. It's more restful, somehow."

"Hmp!" said Kit. "Very restful indeed. And you know where it's taking us, don't you? It's ebb, as plain as can be, and it's taking us outside—out to sea, that's where."

"Well," said Jenks, "if you ask me, I'd a long sight rather be out at sea where there's plenty of room, than playing blind man's buff with a couple of dozen invisible islands."

"There's something in that," Kit agreed soberly.

"Say!" Jenks cried out suddenly. "What goops we all are! Why don't we anchor the tub and sit tight till the fog goes out? We should have thought of that instantly!"

Kit shook her head. "We could never manage it, if the anchor's fished," she said. "We don't know how to work the gear. And there'd be no holding anchorage in this drag-rip, anyway."

But Jenks had dashed for'ard to investigate. She returned more slowly.

"Settled for us," she reported. "No anchor aboard. The old skipper has it ashore, I seem to recall, chipping it or



Illustrated  
by ORSON  
LOWELL

KIT LEANED AGAINST THE WET MAINMAST AND BEAT THE SHIP'S BELL. THE SOUND INTENSIFIED HER LONELINESS

something. She's been tied up with lines for years, of course. Well, ho, hum—it's a life on the bounding wave for us, then."

Constance was almost shocked by the calmness, the almost joking way these two discussed the situation. One of Jenks's temperament, of course, was spurred to exaggerated flippancy in a crisis like this—a flippancy which, however, did not in the least detract from her real executive energy and endurance. Kit was the sort of person who could come up to the scratch, whatever it might be, however much she might be inwardly suffering. As for the other two, they were left to comfort one another as best they could while Jenks and Kit busied themselves with the needs of the schooner. And when Constance, to do her credit, realized that little Libby was bleakly despairing and doing her utmost to conceal it, the fact somehow acted as a challenge. She tried to swallow her own fear and misery, and attempted to buck up Libby's spirits. And in so doing, of course her own brightened a little.

"I tell you what," Constance proposed. "Let's go down and boil up some cocoa. Those two'll need it, and I dare say it might hearten us up a bit, too."

"Oh, do let's!" Libby cried, desperately in need of being occupied—doing something, no matter what.

It was exciting, catching the pot as it dangled back and forth, lighting the galley stove in motion, holding the pot so that it wouldn't slide off on to the floor.

"Isn't Jenks wonderful?" Libby said. "She can *always* joke."

"I think Kit's wonderful," Constance told her. "It's easy for a person like Jenks to take things lightly, but with Kit it's different."

Libby warmed under the praise of her admired sister. When the cocoa was done they carried it and some slices of bread and butter on deck, holding to this and that as they felt their way along.

"Cocoa served at any hour!" Constance cried out as gaily as she could. "Sorry we can't bring you the morning paper, but it hasn't come yet."

"Whoops!" shouted Jenks. "This is what I call a proper crew. Connie, I didn't think you had it in you. *Do* we need this!"

"Good fellas," said Kit, taking her mug.

JENKS had the wheel again and seemed to be enjoying herself. "Ah," she sighed, "that flows through your veins like red-hot essence of encouragement. Do you know, I've just been thinking we ought to be showing a light and bleating on a fog-horn. We're no better than a derelict, as it is."

"Just about what we are," Kit muttered.

"Get a lantern, Libby," Jenks ordered, "out of the galley or somewhere, and hoist it up the foremast—there's a hal-yard there if you'll fish around for it. Nobody could see a glim more than ten feet away, to be sure, but it'll be our best. Her running-lights don't seem to be in place. Dunno where the old man keeps 'em."

"By the same token, I don't know where the fog-horn is," Kit said. "We could beat on the bell."

"Right!" said Jenks. "Connie, you could do that. It doesn't require seamanship, just perseverance."

"You mean," Constance said, a new peril grasping coldly at her imagination, "that some other boat might run into us?"

"Might, could, and would," Jenks said, "if it happened to be there. This hour of the day, we don't have to worry about the mainland steamer, even among the islands. Still—a big steam trawler, or a tanker—she just *might*. And she'd make match-wood out of the dear old *Minnie B.*"

It was with a not very light heart that Constance fumbled her way to the mainmast, where she was told the bell hung, and felt for its fog-soaked lanyard. The bell made a lonely clanking, and one that would not carry far, Constance thought. Not much farther than the blurred nimbus of light from the lantern which Libby had duly hoisted on the foremast. You could scarcely see that faint little halo of lesser darkness the length of the schooner.

And so the *Minnie B.*—perhaps anxious and startled herself—plunged awkwardly on among the unseen dangers of reef and island, swept by the inexorable current of the fast-ebbing tide towards the curtained expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. She went half reluctantly, freed at last but not knowing what to do with her liberty; in silence, but for the rush of water along her sides, the intermittent clang of her bell, and the dismal creak of her useless gear.

"Light's coming," Kit said at last, straining her eyes into the fog which was imperceptibly becoming gray instead of black.

"Lot of good that'll do," Jenks grunted. "Hullo, what's the matter with her?" For the sidling, onward drift was slacking; the sound of the water (*Continued on page 32*)

# What Every Girl Should KNOW about HOUSE DECORATION

*Some sound advice, practical suggestions, and fundamental rules, with helpful diagrams*

BY  
JAMES  
RUSSELL  
PATTERSON



IT'S HARD TO VISUALIZE ORDER OUT OF CHAOS, BUT ORDER IS ONE OF THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF GOOD DESIGN

EVERY girl plans to have her own home sometime, a home where she can express her own taste. She wants it to represent her own personality, and to be attractive for her friends and guests. And, if she is a wise girl, she knows that she must furnish and decorate that home on the well-established principles of design and color, if it is to fulfill all her hopes. Girls and women have been decorating homes for countless generations, and the homes which are considered the best in every historic period are the ones which have been planned by people who know how and why and when to do, or not to do, a certain thing.

I think there is nothing more important in making a home attractive than color, and nothing more treacherous to work with unless you know the facts about it. When you go into a room where soft yellows predominate, you can't help feeling cheerful, whether you know the reason or not. All colors express definite sensations, and yellow, being much like natural sunlight, suggests cheerfulness, gayety, springtime. It is stimulating and makes you feel happy. Of course, it must be the right shade of yellow, not too strong and not too deep, and you must not use too much of it, for then it will turn the tables on you and irritate you.

Too much of any one color in a room is just as bad as too many colors for the simple reason that you can't have harmony when there is nothing to harmonize, or when there are too many notes to bring together. Colors must be proportioned, just as any kind of design must be. One color must be the dominating tone—the largest in area—and the others must be subordinate to it, in smaller areas.

Blue is not so popular a color as yellow, but one which is useful in making small rooms look larger. It is called a space-giving color for this reason. Look at the sky on a clear day—it appears blue because there is so much space; or at the ocean with its great expanse of apparently blue water; or at the mountains in the distance with their blue tone—and you

will understand why blue is the color which lends spaciousness. Paint the walls of a small room blue and that room will seem to be larger than it was before.

Red is the color of warmth. We think of it in connection with fire, or heat, and are not surprised to find that too much of it in a room is irritating, but that a little gives a feeling of cordiality. It is also attention-calling, and used for attracting the eye more than any other color. Stop-lights at street intersections are red, signs and posters are often lettered in red, danger-signals are red, and hundreds of other everyday things are red because it is the most aggressive of all colors. If you put a red pillow on a tan sofa, the pillow will be so powerful in color that the sofa will seem insignificant. But if you have a dull, monotonous room and want to give it some life, try red in small amounts and see how much more livable your room will become.

THESE colors—yellow, blue, and red—are called primary colors because they can't be made by mixing other colors. We can mix any two primaries, though, and get a new color which is called a binary. For example, if we mix equal parts red and yellow, we'll get orange; or equal parts red and blue, the result will be purple; or if we mix yellow and blue, we'll have green. There are three of each class, and the binaries, being composites of primaries, express sensations which are like both their parents. Orange is warm and cheerful at the same time. Purple is half warm and half cool, for blue, like space, is cool. Green is cool and cheerful and for this reason is one of the most popular wall colors. It combines the qualities of yellow with those of blue, and a happier combination can seldom be found.

Colors which are cool—like blue and green—are good colors for south rooms, or rooms with lots of sunlight. Warm colors like yellow and red are good for cold north rooms. Green is the most restful color known, and soft shades of it used in large quantities will make a pleasant, restful room. Nature knows how restful it is, for she clothes herself in it



as much as she can so that human eyes won't be fatigued looking at her.

Few colors, however, can be used full strength in a room. For walls, rugs, ceiling, and all large areas, the color should be toned down or grayed, as we call it. This is done so that the color won't come out and hit you, and will be a neutral background for furnishings and for yourself. Don't forget that you are part of the room, too, and if the main colors are strong, you will look pale beside them unless you are dressed in even stronger ones.

IF WE are mixing paint and want to gray a color, we add to it some of what is called its complement. A complement is a color exactly opposite in every characteristic as, for instance, green and red. One is cool and one is warm, one is restful and one is irritating. If you will draw a circle on paper and mark off its circumference into six equal parts with one point right on top, then, beginning at the top and going around clock-wise, label each point as follows: top yellow, next orange, then red, purple, blue and green in order, you will have a wheel showing all the colors and their complements—those opposite each other. You'll see that orange and blue, yellow and purple, are complements, as well as red and green. If you mixed equal parts of any pair of complements, you would get pure gray, but if you put in only a little of one color, the opposite color would be a grayed tone. These grayed tones are the ones to use for all large areas for they are softer and more pleasing to the eye.



Full strength colors can then be used for accents—for trimming, accessories and so on.

Color schemes are usually made with complementary colors, with one or the other of the colors dominating. In a yellow room, notes of violet or purple help to make the yellow more interesting by contrast. A green room might have a red chair, or, perhaps, old red tones in the draperies. A blue room with orange accents has more life than an all blue scheme. These are called straight complementary harmonies.

Then there are split complementary harmonies. If the main color is yellow, instead of using purple for accents, the two colors midway between purple and red, and purple and blue, are used. For instance, a yellow room would have a scheme with reddish-violet and blue-violet—the two colors resulting from splitting yellow's complement.

Another harmony is based on a triad. Any three colors equal distance apart form a triad. In this harmony, a blue room would be accented with yellow and red. Try some of these harmonies with colored papers or pieces of cloth, and use your color wheel for reference.

Color has value, too. That means that dark colors are low value, and light colors are high value. In a room, the darkest or lowest value should be the floor, the walls medium value, and the ceiling lightest or highest value. This is a lesson decorators have learned from nature. The ground at our feet is darkest, the distant landscape medium, and the sky lightest. White, or light colors like yellow, cream, buff, and pale gray are good colors for reflecting light rays and, consequently, the best colors for dark and gloomy rooms. All high-value colors reflect light, and all low-value colors absorb it. That is why white clothes are cooler in summer than dark ones; they reflect the rays of the sun rather than absorb them.

The next important thing in decorating a room is the arrangement of furniture. I think the most vital points to consider are first, its scale, and second, its placing.

Illustrated by  
PELAGIE DOANE

Diagrams by the  
author



THERE IS NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT IN MAKING A HOME ATTRACTIVE THAN COLOR, AND NOTHING SO TREACHEROUS TO WORK WITH UNLESS YOU KNOW THE RULES

Scale means the size of furniture in relation to the room. Great, bulky pieces in a small room make that room seem crowded, no matter how you arrange them; and dinky, little pieces in a large room make it seem bare or, at best, cluttered. Furniture for a room must be selected with plenty of thought given to its scale.

Placing it is merely a problem of being consistent with the structure of the room. Big pieces should always follow the wall lines although they need not be necessarily against the wall. For instance, a large sofa, to go near the fireplace, may be placed out in the room at a right angle to the fireplace wall where it will be consistent with structure because it is parallel to one wall and at right angles to another. Or it may be against a wall. It would never be harmonious to have it across a corner, or in any diagonal location, for that would be contrary to the wall lines. You wouldn't hang a picture diagonally. You would have it straight, parallel to the floor and ceiling lines. Do the same with large pieces of furniture; keep them parallel to the structural lines of the room.

Now, of course, you can't do that with every single piece in the room for that would be too stiff for comfort. Those articles which are easily moved, such as chairs, small tables, stands and such, may be placed where they will do the most good. But—and this is very important—they are generally more useful if placed in group arrangement, and the group as a whole should give the feeling of being consistent with structure. If you have decided to have the sofa at the side of the fireplace and at right angles to it, you will want a group on the other side to balance it. Perhaps two easy chairs, with a table and lamp in between, would be just the thing. These pieces, taken as a unit, would cover about the same area of floor space as the sofa and should occupy a similar structural posi-





tion. In effect, let the whole group be at a right angle to the fireplace and, therefore, a balance to the sofa.

This rule of being consistent with structure applies to the placing of rugs, too. Don't let them be cater-cornered, no matter what size they are. Keep all boundaries parallel to wall lines and you will find that the room appears more orderly. Order is one of the first principles of design, and everything you can do to create order in a room is just that much toward a more decorative room. Even the pattern in a rug should be structural. If there is a border, it will be parallel to the edges, and if the body is filled with decorative design, that too should harmonize with the boundary.

Every room must have balance just as everything in nature is balanced. The best example I know of balance is a seesaw with a person at each end. If each person is exactly the same weight, the board will balance perfectly, but if one is heavier than the other, that one must move toward the center far enough to establish equilibrium. The heavier the person is, the nearer center he or she must go. The same principle is true in decoration. If you have a blank wall and want to balance two pieces of furniture, the larger piece must be nearer the center than the smaller one.

If you have three pieces, two of which are alike in size, the principle of the well-known scale of Justice is the one to follow. Justice gets balance on her scale by having an equal weight on each side of the central pivot. Do the same with the three pieces of furniture. Put the odd piece in center with the two equal-sized ones on each side, each the same distance from the pivot. This arrangement is a little more formal than the other, and a good type of balance for major groups and centers of interest. Experiment with it for grouping objects on your mantel shelf.

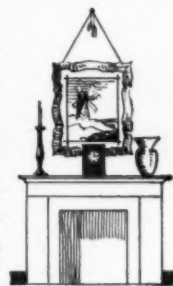
Try to get balance in every group, as well as in the room as a whole. Avoid the effect of stringing things out all over the place. Make your furniture fit into groups, units which

can balance each other. But don't let too much weight get in one end of the room, for it will throw the other end out of balance. Color ought to balance, too. If green draperies have been used on the windows which are on one side of the room only, they will over-balance the room unless some green is used on the other side. This might be upholstery, slip-covers, a screen, or something else the room may require.

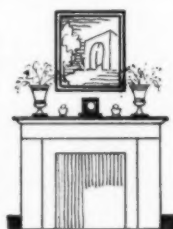
Draperies can be the most decorative things in a room if they are simple, well-tailored, and have the right line for the room. By line, I mean the sense of direction caused by the drapery's shape. If they are hung straight, the line is vertical and rather formal. If they are draped back, the line is curved and more graceful. If the curve is abrupt, as it would have to be on a short window, the effect will be gay and pert. As a rule, draperies should hang to the floor so that the whole unit, window and drapery, will seem to be structurally attached to the floor.

If the windows are high from the floor, or very short, draperies to the sill are appropriate, but in no case should they be allowed to stop anywhere in between sill or floor. Those are the only structural stops for drapery. Notice that I call them draperies and not "drapes" as we too often hear them called. A drapery is material which has been draped for a given purpose, but a drape is nothing more than the hang of cloth.

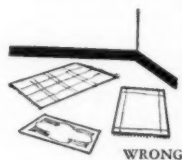
When you hang pictures, don't forget that your primary reason for doing it is so that you and your guests may derive pleasure from them. If they are too high, you'll have a pain in the neck trying to see them—and if they're too low, you'll get a back-ache. Have their centers of interest on the eye level when you are standing—that is, about five feet from the floor or thereabouts. They should be arranged in groups, too, like furniture. When they are scattered all over the wall, hung at random, the result is anything but orderly. If pictures are large and require heavy wires, have two wires running in vertical (structural) lines rather than the old-fashioned triangle. Small pictures should hang from special picture-pins which can be put into the wall and concealed behind the picture.



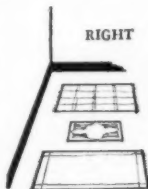
WRONG



RIGHT



WRONG



RIGHT

**M**ODERN decoration is sparing in its use of pictures. Three or four, carefully selected and simply framed, when placed with due consideration for balance, color, and general eye-pleasing effect, achieve a much more restful room than crowded walls. So choose your pictures with care and, rather than sacrifice simplicity to the finding of space for all of the pictures of which you may be fond, hang just the chosen few. Then—when you want a change—take them down and replace them with your other favorites unless, of course, the wall-paper has been much marred.

On the whole, house decoration is a matter, half of rule, and half of home-grown, common sense. Once you are familiar with the fundamental principles, you have the means ready at hand for solving every problem, but the principle alone won't solve it; your ability to apply the principle is the real solution.

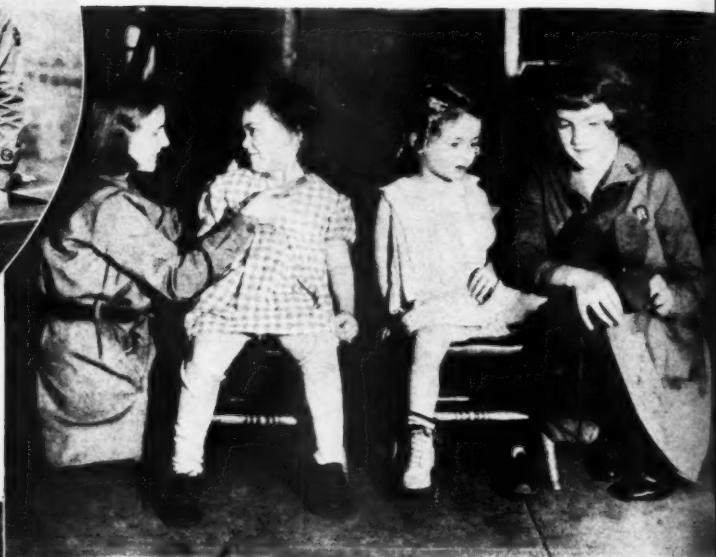
You can get a great deal of pleasure from a well-decorated (orderly) room, and I think you would have fun in planning color schemes and furniture arrangements for imaginary rooms. Some day, when you have a home of your own, you may be able to make these imaginary plans take shape in reality. Why not try it? Get out your pencil, paper, and water colors, and go to it. Good luck!

# The SEVEN SERV

*Girl Scout Week provide an opportunity the useful activities which you do yo*



FROM A ROOF AT NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS MISS SCHAIN POINTS OUT THE LANDMARKS OF MANHATTAN'S JUMPLED SKYLINE TO THE JULIETTE LOW GIRLS BEFORE THEIR TRIP TO OUR CHÂLET, AULBODEN, SWITZERLAND



ON MONDAY, HOMEMAKING DAY, THESE TWO GIRL SCOUTS VISIT A SETTLEMENT HOUSE AND HELP TAKE CARE OF SOME ADORABLE LITTLE CHARGES



ON TUESDAY, HANDICRAFT DAY, YOU MIGHT FRESHEN UP YOUR LITTLE HOUSE WITH CRISPLY LAUNDERED CURTAINS AS THESE TWO GIRL SCOUTS ARE DOING—THEN INVITE VISITORS TO INSPECT HANDICRAFT EXHIBITS



THERE ARE ALL SORTS OF MEMORIALS OF DAY OF COMMUNITY SERVICE. THESE GIRLS OF LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, MADE THEM OF JELLY AND PRESENTED THEM TO THE CHILDREN'S HOME AND HOSPITAL. IN SEE THEM PREPARING THE JEWEL-LIKE PACKING THE JEWEL-LIKE INTO

A GIRL SCOUT IS THRIFTY. WEDNESDAY OF GIRL SCOUT WEEK IS THRIFT DAY. THESE FOUR PRUDENT GIRL SCOUTS ARE DEPOSITING THE FUNDS OF THEIR TROOP TREASURIES IN A SAVINGS BANK



# ERVICE DAYS of

to demonstrate publicly to your commu-  
and your troop pursue throughout the year



FOR ROSY CHEEKS, STRONG BONES, AND BRIGHT EYES—PLENTY OF MILK! WHAT BETTER WAY TO CELEBRATE HEALTH-DAY-SATURDAY THAN THIS?



TS OF OF MAKING FRIDAY, THE  
Y SERV MEMORABLE. GIRL SCOUTS  
ARKANSAS MADE THIRTY-SIX JARS OF  
ED THEO THE ARKANSAS CRIPPLED  
AND HOVAL IN ONE PICTURE YOU  
G THE PIES; IN THE OTHER, THEY  
FINISHING THE FINISHED PRODUCT BEFORE  
IL-LIKE INTO A ROOMY BASKET

READY FOR SUNDAY SERVICE  
IN SPICK-AND-SPAN UNI-  
FORMS. MINISTERS PREACH  
SPECIAL SERMONS ON THE  
SUNDAY OF GIRL SCOUT  
WEEK, AND EVERY TROOP  
TURNS OUT IN FULL FORCE



FOR GOOD READING, TESTIFIES THIS STAR-  
RY-EYED GIRL SCOUT, THE GREEN HANDBOOK  
IS TOPS! MOREOVER IT'S A TREASURE TROVE  
OF INFORMATION ABOUT ALL OF THE ACTIV-  
ITIES THAT ARE THE BACKBONE OF SCOUTING



HOSTESS DAY IS THURSDAY. AT  
THEIR LITTLE HOUSE TWO GIRL  
SCOUTS PREPARE FOR A COM-  
PANY DINNER TO WHICH THE  
MAYOR IS INVITED. HE WILL  
DISCOVER THAT GIRL SCOUTS  
ARE EXCELLENT COOKS, TOO!



# OCTOBER IS THE MONTH

WITH FLAGS FLYING TO THE STIRRING STRAINS OF "GOD SAVE THE KING," AMERICAN GIRL SCOUTS HONORED LORD AND LADY BADEN-POWELL, CHIEF SCOUT AND CHIEF GUIDE OF THE WORLD, AT A RALLY AT CAMP ANDREE, GIRL SCOUT NATIONAL CAMP AT BRIARCLIFF, NEW YORK



TROOP NO. 1 OF GLENVIEW, ILLINOIS TOLD THE STORY OF GIRL SCOUT WEEK WITH THIS VERY EFFECTIVE WINDOW DISPLAY. DOLLS, DRESSED IN UNIFORM, DEMONSTRATED VARIOUS WAYS GIRL SCOUTS MAY BE OF SERVICE

## Girl Scout Week, 1934

**L**AURIUM, MICHIGAN: We were all very eager to do something to observe Girl Scout Week. I don't know what the other troops here did, in addition to putting on exhibits, because we were so absorbed in our own troop plans and means of celebrating, that we had no chance to find out.

Our troop decided on having a Mother and Daughter Banquet, and we were fortunate enough to get the parlors of a local church for that purpose. Because of an extreme shortage of funds in our treasury, we thought it would be wise to ask the girls in the troop to contribute the necessary food materials if they were willing to do so, and they certainly were—one hundred per cent.

**T**HE decoration committee did a wonderful job! Since Hallowe'en was near, the tables were attractively embellished with fancy crêpe-paper witches; there were dainty nut cups and pumpkin-shaped place cards which opened up to reveal the evening's program. In addition to these, there were brightly colored flowers and tall candles. Here and there were cornstalks peeping out from corners. The color scheme was orange and black, and the favors were made by the girls.

One of the girls acted as toast mistress and another delivered the Scouts' speech which was responded to by one of the mothers.

Three short skits were presented which were enjoyed immensely. The remainder of the program consisted of musical selections, tap dancing, and a short speech by our captain. This all occurred on November second. Everyone had a wonderful time and went home feeling jolly.

An exhibition of Girl Scout work lasted from Monday through Friday. Several store windows were obtained for the purpose and many pretty posters were displayed.

I hope that, through our efforts, Girl Scouts in this community will gain even more backing than we have previously had.

MARGARET ELEANORE PETAJA



Photo from Wide World

## OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

**E**LEANOR JOHNSON of Troop 166, of Brooklyn, New York has the honor of being named Star Reporter for October. Eleanor writes:

"What a scene of activity was presented at Camp Andree on July thirteenth, the day of the reception for Lord and Lady Baden-Powell! As each group of Girl Scouts came from their various cities and camps, they were entrusted to the care of an Andree camper, who escorted them about the camp, showing them the units with their kitchens, outdoor dining rooms, the tents, the lake, the first aid station, and the lodge.

"At three o'clock the gong sounded, and the girls filed into the Green Cathedral, two by two. The last-mentioned place is a large natural amphitheater, surrounded by huge oaks. It was divided into sections and aisles, with each camp or city occupying a different section. At four o'clock, all the Scouts having assembled in the Green Cathedral, the bugle sounded the call to assembly and all stood while the American, British, and International flags were carried in. Lord and Lady Baden-Powell followed, with the National Director and the First Vice-President of the Girl Scouts. These in turn were followed by the Andree campers, carrying the flags of thirty-eight nations belonging to the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts.

"We remained standing while we sang *America* and *God Save the King* and various Girl Scout songs. We were then welcomed by the First Vice-President who was introduced by the National Director; and she, in turn, introduced Lord Baden-Powell who gave us a very interesting talk, touched with a bit of humor, as did his wife who followed him. Between these two speeches the Girl Scouts sang two other songs. When the speeches were finished, we sang taps, and the bugle echoed them as we stood at attention.

"After a farewell salute, the guests of honor left, followed by the flags, and then by the multitude."

# THAT ALL GIRL SCOUTS CELEBRATE!

*Here are some pictures of Girl Scout Week activities, and some valuable suggestions for activities of your own*



A FLOAT-LOAD OF SMILING GIRL SCOUTS, EACH TRIM AND NEAT IN HER SPOTLESS UNIFORM, CALL THEIR COMMUNITY'S ATTENTION TO THE IDEALS OF GIRL SCOUTING

## Girl Scouts in Uniform

SLATINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA: Throughout the Union, hundreds and thousands of uniformed Girl Scouts may be seen hurrying and scurrying about during Girl Scout Week, any year. Though it isn't only the uniform, but what that uniform stands for, that really counts!

Sunday is the beginning of Girl Scout Week. So, as Girl Scouts always do in practically all localities, in 1934 our troop attended church services in uniform, where we listened to an inspiring sermon. Monday and Tuesday we held rehearsals for our Girl Scout play, which was to be given Thursday. Our Big Moment arrived Wednesday with the Hallowe'en parade when we walked down Main Street carrying lighted pumpkins.

ON Thursday, mothers and committee members were guests at luncheon. The program was as follows: a welcoming song, "We're glad to see you"; songs learned at camp; a Girl Scout poem; a camp fire tableau with girls singing "Oh, to be a Gypsy!" with an accordion accompanist; a Girl Scout playlet entitled "Mr. Everyman"; investiture; and games. We also had another interesting playlet entitled "Girl Scout Week." This play showed how a Scout can help every day of the week. Following our entertainment, luncheon was served, after which we all joined in playing games.

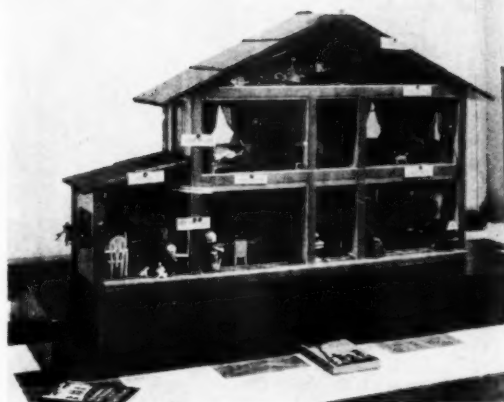
Now that Girl Scout Week is over, we feel that we shouldn't stop working, but that the traffic signal should illuminate "Go" more frequently than ever before. So that's what we're going to do, make every week seem like Girl Scout Week and be active always.

LILLIAN RAUCH, Troop 1



GIRL SCOUTS OF KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN WERE JUSTLY PROUD OF THIS BOOTH WHICH THEY ARRANGED THEMSELVES

EACH ROOM OF THIS DOLL HOUSE SHOWS A DIFFERENT GIRL SCOUT ACTIVITY—A CLEVER IDEA FOR A WINDOW DISPLAY



READY FOR THE PARADE ON GIRL SCOUT DAY IN FAR-OFF HONOLULU







Wendell MacRae photo

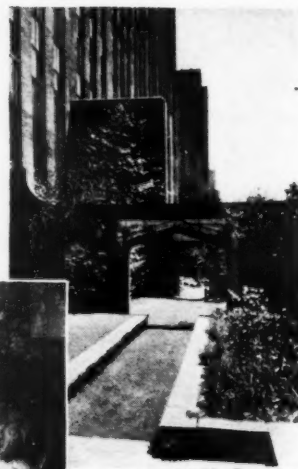
AGAINST THE SPIRES OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL AND THE SOARING HEIGHTS OF MODERN SKYSCRAPERS LIES THE INTERNATIONAL ROCK GARDEN, SPRUNG UP AS THOUGH BY MAGIC

## The Last Week in October Is GIRL SCOUT WEEK all over the United States

GIRL SCOUTS OF VARIOUS MANHATTAN TROOPS HOLD A CORN ROAST IN THE GARDENS OF THE NATIONS



Paul Parker photo



Wendell MacRae photo

HIGH ABOVE THE TRAFFIC AND CONFUSION OF NEW YORK'S BUSY STREETS, THE ENGLISH GARDEN, IN THE GARDENS OF THE NATIONS, PROVIDES A HAVEN FOR HOMESICK COUNTRYMEN

# EVERY WEEK IS GIRL SCOUT WEEK SOME PLACE

By ETHEL MOCKLER

of the Public Relations Division at National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, Inc.

**G**IRL SCOUTS Have a Corn Roast on Roof of RCA Building in Rockefeller Center.

Girl Scouts Sail on "Yankee" for Cruise in New England Waters.

Connecticut Girl Scouts Plant Seedling of State Charter Oak on White House Lawn.

Girl Scout Week for 1935 will soon be here for the whole country. These headlines, however, prove that every week is Girl Scout Week some place.

One of the writer's duties, as a member of the national staff, is to "cover" some of the more outstanding events; to handle the publicity for the newspapers and newsreels. There have been so many colorful Girl Scout headlines this year, that your editor has asked us to tell you about some of them.

The most recent was the corn roast in Rockefeller Center, New York City, in the Gardens of the Nations; but before we tell you about that party, we want to tell you something of the romance and beauty of

these roof gardens. Atop the eleventh floor of the seventy-story RCA (Radio Corporation of America) Building in Radio City, there are more than thirty thousand square feet of roof area between the tower of the building on Rockefeller Plaza and the sixteen-story extension on Sixth Avenue. This roof space, which is directly over the National Broadcasting Company studios, has been used for a series of gardens in which there are twenty thousand flowering bulbs, two thousand trees, and four hundred smaller plants. Some of the larger trees, including a thirty-five foot Scotch pine, Russian poplars, and pin oaks, were brought up to the roof by means of steel block and tackle, over the side of the building.

A STAGGERING amount of materials was needed for the construction of the gardens. Over five hundred tons of brick,

concrete, and mortar were used in the construction of walls, architectural details, and walks. More than three

thousand tons of earth and one hundred tons of natural rock were needed. Special consideration had to be given to water supply for the Gardens of the Nations, and to the problem of water-proofing the underlying roof in order to prevent seepage into the floors below. Over a mile of subsurface tiles were laid, to provide perfect drainage. An electric pump was installed to raise water to the western end of the gardens, which is the highest level. After supplying the streams and fountains at this end, the water is carried by gravity to the streams and pools of the lower level at the eastern end. From there it is pumped again to the upper level. Approximately ninety-six thousand gallons of water are pumped through the gardens daily.

French doors leading from the eleventh floor of the RCA Building, open directly on the International Rock Garden, with a stream

cascading down four feet over jutting rocks, and winding westward for one hundred and twenty-five feet through mossy banks to a small bridge at the far end of the garden. Along the stream, or clinging to the huge limestone rocks which were imported from Windermere, England, may be seen edelweiss, iris, narcissus, bluebells, snowdrops, mounds of pink, white and red saxifrage, some twenty varieties of primroses from the Canadian Rockies, China, India, and the English woods, and more than two thousand varieties of Alpine plants and dwarf conifers.

The cobbled Spanish patio, with its yellow buff walls and brightly colored tiles on the roof of the loggia in the rear, was the scene of the Girl Scout corn roast in August. The girls built their log cabin fire in the center of the patio near an ancient well-head which was imported from Granada. The setting did seem a bit incongruous, but no one minded that; this spot was selected because the day happened to be a breezy one, and the walls of the Spanish Garden offered some protection from the wind. Some of the girls, who were chosen from Day Camps in the five boroughs of Greater New York, picked corn from the vegetable garden on the very edge of the roof, while others started the fire. There were many interruptions, but in due time the fire had reached the proper stage, the corn was shucked, and the girls started the actual roasting.

Mary Margaret McBride, well known writer whose work is familiar to AMERICAN GIRL readers, was the guest of honor. She enjoyed the first ear of corn that had ever been grown and roasted on the roof of a New York skyscraper. So keen was the demand for the browned and buttered delicacy on the part of reporters and photographers, members of the Rockefeller Center staff, out-of-town visitors to the gardens, and fond mothers who had come with their Scout daughters, that the girls did a rushing business. They had all brought nose-bag luncheons with them, but these were forgotten until late in the afternoon, so luscious was the golden-bantam-evergreen corn grown high above the sidewalks of New York. Needless to say that the New York Girl Scouts are eagerly anticipating their next program in the Gardens of the Nations. That is to be a Hallowe'en star-gazing party on the anniversary of Juliette Low's birthday.

**N**OW for the July headline! The biggest and jolliest Scout event that this reporter covered was the start of the first cruise of New England mariners on the *Yankee* from Gloucester, Massachusetts, early in the

month. Everyone, including the hardworking press representatives and the ubiquitous newsreel photographers, had a grand time that day. The schooner, which had just come back to port from an eighteen months' trip around the world, during which she covered thirty-three thousand miles, was a beauty. Captain Irving Johnson and his wife, taking their ship out for the first time with a crew of girls, were a bit skeptical at first. Their doubts, however, were dissipated early in the trip. The mariners with their own skipper, Mrs. Charles Newell of Springfield, and our national skipper, Olive McCormick, soon showed the seafaring Johnsons that they too "knew the ropes." The first night at sea was a bit rough and all of the girls were pretty uncomfortable, but they stood their watches all during the night, handled the wheel, read the compass to a quarter of a point, and carried out the captain's orders promptly and efficiently.

Every boat in Gloucester harbor followed the *Yankee* out to sea when she started on the cruise. Edith Sinnett, who is National Girl Scout Camp Adviser in New England, and the writer followed along on the press boat. The photographers who had sailed on the schooner to get close-up pictures of the girls at the wheel, swabbing the decks, and letting out the sails were transferred to the press boat about twenty miles out. From the smaller boat, which circled the *Yankee* several times, they got long-distance shots as she sailed toward the horizon.

**W**ASHINGTON next! Of our many happy memories of picturesque events in which the Girl Scouts of the District of Columbia have entertained national and international notables, one of the happiest was the visit of the Connecticut girls who brought a seedling of their Charter Oak to the White House in April. The seedling brought to President Roosevelt by Joan Roberta Clark of Westport and Janet Locke of Hartford, Connecticut, was one of the earliest events of the Connecticut Tercentenary Celebration. Mrs. Roosevelt received the girls in the Green Room, where she accepted the gift on behalf of the President, and accompanied the girls to the spot on the White House lawn where the young tree was planted and marked. The ceremony was simple but effective. Later that afternoon, Mrs. Roosevelt was the guest of honor at an open house, reception and tea at the Girl Scout national Little House in Washington.

These are only a few of the exciting Girl Scout events of 1935, but they will tell you what we mean when we say, "It's always Girl Scout Week some place."

## COVER CONTEST NEWS

**T**HREE hundred and twenty-eight girls submitted titles for the August cover by Gertrude A. Kay. The winning title is "Diving Belle." Since two girls submitted this name, the prize, a book, will go to the one who sent hers in first—Julia Regal of Chicago, Illinois.

Among the other good titles for this cover were: "A Pippin Ready For a Dip-in"; "Lots of Gulls, but No Buoys"; "A Sight for Shore Eyes"; "Beauty and the Beach"; "High and Dry"; "Whitecaps, Red Cap";

"Sea Gulls, Sea Gal"; "Vacation Vocation"; "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"; and "Mere Maid, or Mermaid?"

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date, on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed by October fifteenth.

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GIRL SCOUTS, Inc., National Equipment Service, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

# TROUBLED WATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

overside was dropping from a rush to a ripple. The *Minnie B.* rolled slightly with a rattle of loose tackle, but she no longer had steerageway.

"Tide's turning," said Kit at once.

"That's it," Jenks agreed. "H'm! Don't know that that'll help much. She'll just back and fill around, and maybe pile up broadside on one of the islands. I'd give a million dollars to know where we are."

"Would you really?" Kit inquired. "Do tell!"

"There's a decent little breeze," Jenks said. "I wish we could sail her."

"And sail her smack into a rock heap," Kit reminded her. "You'd need a few charts and an A-number-one pilot's license to sail anything anywhere just now."

"You're right," Jenks agreed grudgingly.

"There's no point in that poor little light, now," Kit decided. "I'm going to haul it down again and relieve Connie at the bell."

"And I'm going to lash this wheel, and go grab a wink more sleep," Jenks stated. "I'll need it before we get through. She isn't steering, now, anyway. I advise you to do likewise."

Kit shook her head. "I'll stick around," she said. "We'd better do watch and watch, if there's any sleeping to be done. Let the others turn in. They're pretty well knocked up, poor souls."

So Kit found herself virtually alone on the derelict. She leaned against the wet mainmast, whose truck was lost above her in the impenetrable mist, and heat now and then on the ship's bell. The sound—always a lonely one—served to intensify her solitude. The schooner was drifting slowly now, broadside on. Sometimes Kit fancied she heard the grating rush and retreat of surf on a beach, or the hollow boom of breakers against a cliff foot. Perhaps she did; but always the *Minnie B.* swam peacefully by, avoiding the perils like a sleep-walker on a housetop. How long would it be before they were missed, Kit wondered; before the fishing boats put out to look for them, and even the Coast Guard cutter was summoned? Mother had said she would come and visit them in a day or two—but would she come in this weather—would any one even see, in this fog, that the *Minnie B.* was no longer at her secluded berth in the cove? Cap'n Abel was tied to his fire-side, his rheumatic leg on a pillow, and he was the only person in Todd's Hole who cared enough for the old vessel to know whether she was there or not. If it weren't for the fog, the fishermen would notice her absence—but the fog pervaded everything, influenced everything; the whole situation depended on whether it lifted, or whether it hung on—as it could hang on in those parts—for a week. Kit, weary and numbed with the incredible thing that was happening, grew almost hypnotized by the slow motion, the blindness of the thick air, the changeless note of the bell. It might have been days, years, that she stood there, shut off from sea and sky, isolated almost from conscious thought. But it had only been an hour when Jenks, much refreshed, startled her by a quiet approach out of the blankness.

"You knock off," Jenks advised. "I'll do

that. The old tub still seems to be taking it easy. She must have got into an eddy, or a backwater, or something. The others are going to get breakfast. We'll rouse you when it's time."

Kit, to her surprise, lost herself in brief sleep below, as thick as the fog—and when she came to, Libby was beating on a pan and a welcome smell of bacon was abroad in the cuddy. They ate below there, for it was dry, and the bread and eggs and bacon tasted far better than they had expected.

"This sort of business makes you hungry," Jenks said. "And, by the way, I hadn't had time to do much thinking about it before, but while I was napping I doped out how we happened to be cut adrift like this."

"How?" cried Libby and Constance together.

"The fish-war demons, of course," Jenks

## Song for a Walking Trip

BY THOMAS TOBEY

How pleasant it is a-walking  
Across the English leas!  
How pleasant to see the steeple  
Above the roofs and trees!  
How pleasant is life in general,  
How blue and cool the air,  
How pleasant it is a-walking  
With never a thought or care!

How pleasant it is a-walking . . .  
How jolly it is a-talking . . .  
How pleasant!

said triumphantly, certain of the solution.

"Well, naturally," said Kit, buttering a cracker. "You didn't suppose it was Bill Longman or Aunt Minnie, did you?"

"Well, I wasn't sure at first the hawsers were cut," Jenks explained. "I thought they might just have parted from old age, though it seemed highly unlikely. But I looked at 'em again, and they're cut all right."

"I told you that, first thing," Kit reminded her.

"Do you suppose they knew we were aboard?" Constance wondered.

"I really don't think they're such demons as that," Kit said.

"I have it!" Jenks cried suddenly, with her mouth full. "I have the whole thing! They must have known Cap'n Abel was going to patrol with the *Minnie B.*, and they cut her loose so she'd go ashore somewhere and break up, and put a stop to his idea. They know none of the little boats could stay out here long enough to do much good."

Kit clapped her hands politely. "The mighty brain," she said. "Of course that's the only reason why they'd do it. That occurred to me at the same time I guessed it was the fish-war enemies. Why else would they do it?"

"It never occurred to me," Libby admitted.

"Nor to me," said Constance candidly. "But the thing I don't know," Jenks pondered, "—maybe Kit's been smart enough to think that out, too—is who did it? Who knows that much?"

"I've been wondering that, steadily," Kit said. "Who could know Cap'n Abel's plans as well as that? It almost makes it seem as if it couldn't be mainland strangers."

"We don't have such low-down characters on Piper's Island," Jenks contended. "No telling what you have over at Mattisquash," Kit remarked.

"Now see here!" Jenks cried, brandishing her knife under Kit's nose. "Just because your house happens to be in Todd's Hole township, and mine in Mattisquash township—"

"Easy, matey, easy!" begged Libby.

A sudden lurch and roll interrupted the discussion, and sent them all flying on deck. They had temporarily abandoned wheel and bell while they snatched breakfast, and realized suddenly that almost anything might be happening to the *Minnie B.*, now their eye was off her. She was again in the current and traveling rather clumsily, sideways. The flood tide did not seem to have the same compelling suck and flow as the ebb, hurrying impetuously outward, called by the mysterious force of the open sea. The inward, rising tide flowed more quietly; it was a slow welling of waters, lifting and floating the schooner on her way.

"I'm going to steer again," Jenks decided. "I'll try and get her out of this crab walk she's doing now, at least. She seems to have some way on her again. Wonder where *this* will take her?"

"Wouldn't it be funny," Libby mused, "if the rising tide took her right back over the same way she came, and landed her in her own cove again?"

"Funny as the dickens," Kit agreed. "Wish it would. It'll more likely land her smack in the fairway in front of the mainland steamer. It's eleven o'clock, friends—did you realize how time flies?"

"I don't hear any whistles or anything," Libby said.

"No more do I," said Jenks, at the wheel. "And that's odd, too. We'd hear the *J. C. Todd* by now—she's left mainland, and she'd be tooting all the way. Maybe she's given up to-day because of the fog."

"She never does," Kit said. "She always runs. They have it all worked out by engine revolutions and compass directions, more power to them! I never did see how they do it."

"Then we're absolutely not where we think we are—wherever that is," Jenks cried. "We're nowhere around Piper's Island—not yet mainland, nor Magawam Island, nor anywhere near that steamer."

"We may be way out in the Atlantic," Libby suggested. "Or headed for Florida or something."

"Nope, we're still among the islands," Kit said. "Look at that current."

"It might be the Gulf Stream," Libby ventured rather miserably.

"Listen—" Constance cried suddenly, cutting short Jenks's laugh.

A faint roar, a pause, a rattling rush, broke the silence.



"Surf on rocks," announced Kit grimly.

"Close, too," Jenks breathed.

At that moment there showed dimly off the starboard bow, not half the schooner's length away, the dark, high shape of something that loomed suddenly; a tumbled wall of rock, with white water gleaming faintly at its foot as the fog opened for an instant and closed in again.

"Help me with the wheel!" said Jenks through her teeth. "And pray for deep water!"

Kit and Libby knew the sort of sunken reef that ran offshore beyond some of the islands. Even Constance could guess at such a thing. She strained her eyes into the baffling grayness and all sensation left her as the others tugged at the wheel. She felt herself a cold, dead weight against the rail with eyes that stared into the reek, and ears that heard the sinister gathering of breakers on the rocks—but with no conscious comprehension of it all. Then the *Minnie B.*, responding sluggishly to her helm, with just barely enough impetus to mind her wheel at all, swung and staggered a little, seemed to catch the current again and slipped once more into tranquil grayness with the surf sound growing less astern. Jenks pushed up her wet red hair with the back of a freckled hand.

"Uh-uh!" she said. "That one thought it could come aboard. Nice *Minnie*, nice *Minnie*—giddy-ap, now, and get away from nasty old rocks."

"Do you know, ladies," Kit said in a funny voice, "we're exceedingly lucky to have the strong tide-rips with which these parts are blessed? A plain, straight, incoming surf would have piled us up then."

"Are you telling me!" Jenks snorted. "Huh!"

"I was really telling Constance," Kit replied. "And incidentally counting my own blessings."

But life was only just beginning to course warmly once more through Constance's chilled body and soul.

PROBABLY none of the four was ever to forget that day. It was infinitely long, yet strangely short. They were lifted clean out of time and space—shut off from all things known, lost to past and future, existing in a blind white world of voiceless peril. The sound of the bell became a torment—that one, useless, reiterant note, never changing its pitch or cadence. The meaningless motion of the schooner was like the aimless stumbling of a drunkard who does not know the way home, nor any way at all. The tide turned once more, with the inevitable rhythm of the sea's restlessness, and once more swept the *Minnie B.* helplessly onward and outward.

"I wish Cap'n Abel Baxter hadn't been quite so afraid of people swiping all the small moveables," Jenks reflected. "I don't know that a compass would do us much practical good, but it might be soothing, or at least interesting, to see how many times we've been turning round and round, and whether we're heading north, south, east, or west."

"I've stopped caring," said Kit in a dreamy voice. "I've been trying to remember that poem of Kipling's about the dervish—do you know the one I mean?"

"You would stand around spouting poetry," Jenks snorted, jerking at the wheel.

"It's as good an (*Continued on page 37*)



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supplies extra carbohydrates which give the food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies extra proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue. It provides extra minerals—food-phosphorus and food-calcium for strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt mixed with milk contains Vitamins A, B, D and G.

Cocomalt has a delicious chocolate flavor and you'll like it, served HOT or COLD. Sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size can. For trial can, send 10c to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. B10, Hoboken, N. J.

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Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)



## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### THE PLAIN MAN'S PLANE

Year by year, flying on the air lines of the United States gets safer. For example, in the first seven months of 1935, there were only nine fatal accidents on all such lines combined. But "private" flying—done by pilots not employed by any company—exact a greater toll. In this country, a private-flying accident takes somebody's life, on an average, two days out of every three. Long before the tragic deaths of Will Rogers and Wiley Post emphasized the need for safer "ships," designers and builders had been



trying to produce craft so "airworthy" that even the average man or woman could fly them, with almost no risk, after a few hours of instruction.

Of late, several planes aimed at that high standard of safety have been tested in trial flights. One, invented by Dean B. Hammond, is a low-wing monoplane with its propeller behind the cabin instead of in front. (The illustration shows what it looks like.) A wheel, jutting out below its nose, prevents an unskilled pilot from turning it over on its back when taking off or landing. This ship is so stable, its inventor claims, that the pilot can actually take his hands off the controls while the plane is nosing down, and it will land unguided, with only a slight jar.

Another contender for the title of "every-man's ship" is a two-passenger monoplane developed in California by Waldo D. Waterman, a veteran test pilot. To land it safely is said to be as easy as parking an automobile. Like the Hammond machine, it's pushed instead of pulled, by its propeller, and it, too, has a protective wheel in front. Not long ago it was flown by easy stages from Santa Monica, California to Washington, D.C., and performed brilliantly during the test.

Eugene L. Vidal, director of the Bureau of Air Commerce, has been interested for a long time in the development of such planes. They will be manufactured, he hopes, to sell for less than one thousand dollars apiece. He expects them to be turned out, within the next five years, in such quantities that a great new industry will be developed.

### NEW LIGHT ON LIGHTNING

During the last few years science has been learning new things about lightning. The old saying, "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," has been disproved. It now appears that bolts can, and do, hit the same spot frequently within a short space of time.

The death rate from lightning is low: only about six hundred people are killed by it each year in the United States and Canada combined. Cities and towns are safer places during thunderstorms than the open country. The United States Weather Bureau's advice to those caught in the open, in electrical storms, is: "Lie flat on level ground." It's better to take a soaking, the Weather Man thinks, than to risk being struck. The worst thing you can do is to seek shelter under a tree, for trees are favorite targets for bolts.

If you're driving, you're very safe for cars are rarely hit. Even if they're struck, their occupants run a negligible chance of being injured. But, warns the Weather Man, don't park under trees!

### SCIENTIFIC SNOOPERS

A complete "library" of American wild bird songs and wild bird motion pictures—that's the goal of Albert R. Brand, associate ornithologist of the American Museum of Natural History. The museum and Cornell University together have been sending scientists into many States to obtain such a record.

Spying upon rare birds isn't always easy, says Mr. Brand. Sometimes the scientists had to force a way through swamps and tangled forests. They carried equipment much like newsreel motion-picture machines. In addition, they used sound mirrors—big, bowl-



shaped recording instruments which could be focused on feathered performers, thus gathering in their songs and shutting out other noises.

Priceless records of such rare birds as the ivory-billed woodpecker and the trumpeter swan were made. How much more thrilling than hunting with guns that carry wounds and death!

### SHE BUILT HER LIFE ON COURAGE

From Hollywood, not long ago, came interesting news. Edna May Oliver had been chosen by the *Motion Picture Producers Association* as the late Marie Dressler's successor.

Miss Oliver has had a strange life. Born of a distinguished New England family, she dreamed, as a child, of fame on the stage. When she was fourteen, her family lost most of its money. Soon afterward her father died.



She had a pleasing voice. An uncle paid for music lessons; she studied singing for several years, then joined a small opera company. Tragically, she lost her voice; her singing days were over. When she went home she found her mother so poor that, one desperate day, she cut off her hair—it was long and golden—and sold it. She got only three dollars for it.

For many months she toiled as an assistant dressmaker and milliner's helper. Then hopes of being an actress filled her again. She got work with a stock company and played all sorts of parts, at a small salary, for four years. Resigning, she went to New York—only to find herself without work, week after week. But she got rôles at last. Small parts led to big ones. Finally she secured a contract in Hollywood, where she scored her most resounding triumph to date, as Aunt Betsey Trotwood in *David Copperfield*. Her long, losing fight had ended in victory.

### RULING A MODERN TOWER OF BABEL

Next April, a cool-headed Scottish peer will start to tackle a job which many say is the hardest in the whole British Empire. He is the Marquess of Linlithgow (the last syllable rhymes with "go" and the accent is on the second syllable). As Governor General of India, appointed by King George V, he will undertake to keep order in a realm containing almost one-fifth of the earth's inhabitants—a realm split by castes and religions, in which no fewer than two hundred and twenty-two vernaculars are spoken.

In addition, during his five-year term,

he must introduce the new India Act, which gives India limited self-government. This Act isn't popular among the native princes who are afraid it may take away some of their powers. Though Lord Linlithgow's burden will be so heavy, he's said to have the character and the brains to bear it.

#### MANUFACTURED WEATHER

An air-conditioned room, to many people, means simply a cooled room. But to engineers, air-conditioning stands for much more than lowered temperature. It means filtering air to remove dust and pollen, moistening and heating it in winter, drying and cooling it in summer.

Conditioned air with its healthful, tonic effects is found chiefly in motion-picture houses, department stores, restaurants, and railroad passenger cars. More and more offices, however, are supplying it. In private houses it's a rarity. Why is this?

The answer is, it's too expensive as yet. With an average ten-room house, the initial cost and installation of a conditioning plant may touch the five-thousand-dollar mark. To run such a plant in the summer might make a dent in the family budget of fifty to seventy-five dollars a month.

Architects and engineers tell us that the solution for people of moderate means may lie in the air-conditioning of only two, three, or four rooms. That would send clean, moistened, heated air into these rooms in winter, and washed, dried, cooled air into them in summer—all at a reasonable cost.

#### MONKEY BUSINESS

A section of Long Island was treated recently to a free, impromptu show. One hundred and seventy-four rhesus monkeys escaped from Frank Buck's animal farm near Massapequa. This rush for freedom came about simply. The monkeys weren't confined in cages, but kept on a small island surrounded by a moat. A keeper threw a plank across the moat, stepped across to the island, and forgot to remove the plank. The monkey exodus that followed is said to have been led by a leering, scar-faced simian named Al Capone. It wasn't long before a railroad train was forced to stop. Too many monkeys on the track!

One group of rhesus adventurers visited



the elephant house. They almost caused a stampede when they started stealing bananas and oats. An attempt at capture which didn't come off was made by a certain Mr. L. V. Longbotham, of New Haven, Connecticut. Seeing ten monkeys by the roadside, he bought bananas as a lure. His theory was sound, but an enterprising simian not only made off with a banana but with Mr. Longbotham's hat as well.

Many of the wanderers, wearying of excitement, found their way back to their island. Almost all the others were caught. The three hundred that missed out on the spree are said to be glum and snappish.

# THE REASON



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# TROUBLED WATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

occupation as any," Kit said. "I've almost got it—"

'White on my wasted path,  
'Wave after wave in wrath  
'Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to  
send me.  
'Flung forward, heaved aside,  
'Witless and dazed, I bide  
'The mercy of the comber that shall end  
me. . . ."

"Jolly little minstrel, isn't she?" Jenks commented. "That poor old hulk didn't have four souls aboard that still can con and steer and strike the bell. I have no craving for any combers to end me yet awhile, thanks."

Eating time—which happened again around four o'clock—revealed that food was reduced and water seriously diminished.

"We weren't provisioned for a three-year cruise," Kit remarked.

The meal was a rather silent one. Even Jenks was subdued. She said she was sleepy. Several times the fog lightened perceptibly, and spirits aboard the *Minnie B.* lightened with it, but just as it seemed likely that the wind would shift and begin to take the baffling reek out with it for good, the curtain of grayness would shut down once more with an air of finality. If ever Constance had begun to fall under the spell of the blue sea and the sweep of it around Piper's Island, she now had nothing but a terror and a hatred of anything that could produce this impenetrable wall of mist, that not only shut them off from knowing their whereabouts but hid them from possible rescuers.

"We never have weather like this, where I live," she told them feebly.

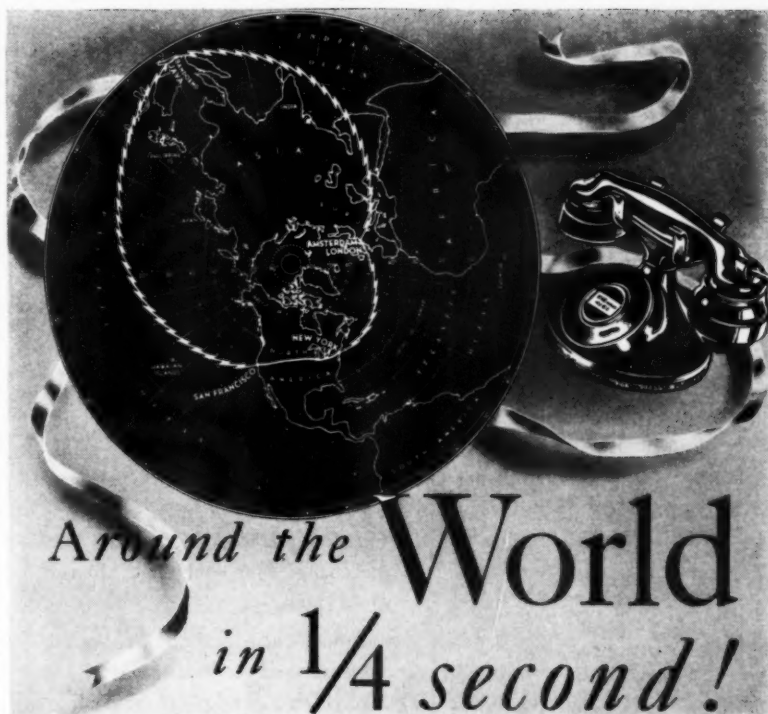
"There's a whole lot of this situation that you never could have, where you come from," Jenks said. "Tough luck, Connie."

"It's hard to believe I—I only got here, or, rather, to Todd's Hole, a few days ago," Constance reflected incredulously.

AN unpleasant and anxious thought suddenly came for the first time into Kit's troubled and preoccupied mind. All this was quite bad enough for themselves, but at least the Hamilton and Jenks families had gone into it with their eyes open, and had given their consent to camping out on the schooner. But to Constance they owed the double duty of hostess and guardian. Aunt Eunice and Uncle Ned had confidently left their daughter in the Hamiltons' care—secure in the thought that this would be a pleasant, peaceful vacation in a simple place, a good change for a girl who had been used, perhaps, to too many parties and festivities. And now! At best this was a nerve-racking, a shattering experience. At worst, it could be—Kit's thought refused to carry her further. She stopped at the edge of it, unwilling, unable to look beyond.

"I'm sorry, Connie," she said. "Sorrier than I can possibly say."

"How could any of us know this was going to happen?" (Continued on page 38)



IT IS 9:30 A. M. in New York City. The president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is sitting at a desk. Fifty feet away, in another office, a vice-president of the company is at his desk. The president picks up his telephone and speaks. Faster than you could ever imagine, his voice speeds across the continent to California—where it is only 6:30 in the morning.

His voice leaves the telephone wires, and, magnified many millions of times by short-wave radio, hurdles the rolling Pacific. 9000 miles from San Francisco, at romantic Java in the Dutch East Indies, the voice gathers new energy and rushes 7000 miles across Asia and Europe toward England—traveling the last lap by submarine cable under the North Sea.

The hands on Big Ben, in

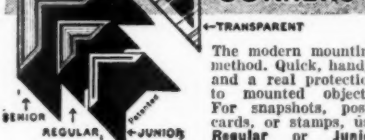
London, show 2:30 in the afternoon as his voice leaves England and leaps the Atlantic to Netcong, New Jersey, U. S. A. A few miles more, by telephone cable, and the head of the Bell System is heard by his associate—whose reply travels over the same route but in the opposite direction. For the first time in history, men's voices have girdled the globe in a two-way conversation . . . and in only one-quarter of a second!

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# TROUBLED WATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Constance spoke stoutly. "Why should you worry about *me*, particularly? We're all —" she laughed a little shakily, "we're all in the same boat!"

Kit slapped her shoulder gratefully, and Jenks said:

"You bet we are, and she's some boat, too. I take off my non-existent hat to Cap'n Abel for the shape he's kept her in. All the same, I think somebody'd better go down into the bilge and see if she *is* leaking."

It was while Kit was down there, lantern in hand, groping through that smelly and slimy region among the schooner's ballast, that she suddenly sensed a change in the familiar drifting motion. Satisfied that the good old vessel was not leaking to speak of, she dashed on deck again, to find a scene of panic-stricken activity. For through a lessening of the fog ahead, a mist-hung shore and a gray beach seemed sliding to meet the plunging bow of the *Minnie B*.

"She won't mind her helm," Jenks gasped. "Here's one current that's *not* going to take us by. We've got to get sail on her—it's the only thing that'll do any good, if it's not too late now. The foresail, anything, to claw her off. We can't handle the mainsail."

WHILE Jenks, her face hard with determination, hauled desperately on the wheel, the other three tore for'ard and began snatching at the lashings of the foresail. Constance had no idea of what to do, but she saw that Kit and Libby were tearing the gaskets free, and followed suit.

"Now—tail on the halyard," Kit gasped. "Oh, goodness, this one's the peak . . . the other must be the throat . . . no, there! Heave, heave!"

Out of the corner of her eye she could see that solid shoreline rushing nearer, could hear the slow, smooth hiss of a small surf on the sand. It was back-breaking work, trying to hoist that stiff old sail. And halfway up, the halyard jammed in the sheave, and the gray canvas flapped and belied uselessly.

"Heave, you lubbers!" shrieked Jenks from the wheel. "We'll never get her off now!"

The line was hopelessly stuck. Libby, who had been known in the Windermere gym to climb a rope clear to the top, proposed to shin up the mast and free the block, but even before Kit could voice a decided "No!" there was a yell from Jenks, and a grating rush under the stout keel of the *Minnie B*.

Aground! On what strange sands did the "Minnie B." grate her weary keel? What new adventures lay hidden in the fog? Part Five contains some surprises for Kit and Libby, as well as for our readers.

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## RED JACKET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

"Barbara has a stepmother!" she began, with theatrical breathlessness.

"Then that establishes the motivation," calm Dorinda answered glibly.

Before Kathie had hung up, they concluded to take Barbara's name off the cast of Dorinda's play. She would have enough on her mind.

WHAT would Barbara's stepmother be like? That was a burning topic of talk among the F. A. D.s. What would Barbara call her? "Marjorie, of course," she replied, feeding their romantic curiosity other morsels of enlightenment. She couldn't call her anything more formal—a person almost as diminutive and lively as Alice Enright herself. They would all fall for her, Barbara prophesied, especially when they heard her play. Marjorie had been giving concerts ever since she was a little girl. That explained why she was a complete dud—Barbara had to admit it—at sports. Probably fingers so sensitive to a violin's bow and strings dare not be toughened and calloused by golf clubs or a tennis racquet. Barbara put up a wonderful bluff.

With the cook and a maid and Albion to look out for her, she had the big house to herself for ten days. Loneliness sagged at her heart like an iron weight, but that was easier to bear than her dread of a future routine which would everlastingly have to include an interloper. She could see Marjorie darting and twinkling about the place. In the sturdy outdoor life which she and her father shared, Marjorie would be as useless as a kitten. She tallied off a list of sacrifices. No more horseback rides in the deep woods, taking the brooks at a jump. Marjorie, as a tripping companion on their long Sunday afternoon tramps into rough country, made an ironic picture! Daily, Barbara came to grips with an emotion which she uprightly met as jealousy. But she could not slay it.

Their train was due at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Barbara dressed for the occasion with jaunty effect. The air was sharp. Over her white bouclé blouse and skirt she put on a hip length jacket of tweed, berry-red, and with a jerk that set her white felt hat at an unusually nonchalant slant, she summoned Albion by a piercing whistle.

"Here, you . . . beautiful!" She knelt to clip the leash to his metal-trimmed collar. "We're going to the station to meet them. I'm the committee of welcome and you're the brass band!"

THE bustle of arrival carried Barbara along. Excitement braced her. Now that the change had happened, it was hard to distinguish between her unhappy dream and its coming true. Three, instead of two, at Sunday's midday dinner table. She had to urge herself to remember that, from now on, the talk would always run in a trio. During the meal she wondered what the afternoon's program would be. Probably her father would sit it out at home, in Marjorie's company. Annoyed, she noticed how Albion nudged at Marjorie's knee.

"Good fellow!" Responsive Marjorie was always ready with a word or a stroke on his strong back.

"Down, Albion!" Barbara disciplined him. She had trained him not to nose around the table. His cordiality was overdone.

"I say we take a turn around the fields," Mr. Robbins proposed after dinner. "The whole family."

They came out through the kitchen garden into an unploughed acre of ground that dipped toward the tilled farm lands bordering a river. Autumn had already set the trees aflame. Goldenrod and purple ironweed spotted the fields and the banks of a broad stream moving like a pulled gray ribbon.

"Let the men go ahead," Marjorie said, smiling up at Barbara, so tall and trim in her red-and-white clothes.

The quartette soon rearranged itself. Marjorie was forever stopping to glean some belated wildflower, and Albion as persistently snuffled at rabbit burrows. Barbara and Mr. Robbins exchanged charges. It was better like this, Barbara thought, plunging ahead with Albion and tossing sticks for him to retrieve. But Albion ran loose unless she kept their game of sticks going. Plying back and forth between herself and the pair behind, he seemed foolishly bent on winning Marjorie's attention. For punishment she gave him a smart tap on the rump.

After half an hour's stroll, they came to a stoutly fenced field, dotted with trees, a wild piece of ground, half woods, half pasture. Here the goldenrod seemed to grow with remarkable luxuriance.

"Murray's farm," Mr. Robbins identified it to Marjorie. "For a first exploration you've come far enough."

"Couldn't we take some of the goldenrod back with us?" Marjorie asked. "I never saw anything so gorgeous."

"If you like. But we won't go over the fence to pick it. Particularly, not Barbara." He and his daughter gave each other significant glances, smiling. "There's more than goldenrod in that pasture."

Over Marjorie's head, Barbara's lips formed soundless words, "Better not tell her. No use frightening her." Mr. Robbins nodded.

"Poison ivy, I suppose," Marjorie tried to look country-wise.

It required no special maneuvering to divert Marjorie, but Albion proved to be a tougher problem. Rosy nostrils sniffing, his spine hairs electric, ears vertical, his eyes like amber coals, he gave a yelp that prickled Barbara's flesh.

"Come on, champion!" She yanked his collar. "Murray's pasture is no place for you, either."

That evening after supper, Marjorie brought her violin down to the library. Lights out, except for one lamp, she began to play. Barbara, cuddled with Albion in an armchair, heard half-a-dozen pieces through. Then, no longer able to cope with her unruly emotions, she broke away.

"Lessons to do," she excused herself hurriedly.

"Goodnight . . . Dad . . . Marjorie."

Up the stairs and through her closed door, the music pursued her, an air by Bach that sang on the violin's contralto string. Crying, she dropped face down on her bed, while Albion, in deep distress, lapped at her salty cheeks. (Continued on page 42)

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## GRAND PRIZE WINNER in the Questionnaire Contest

IN the July issue, we closed our series of five questionnaire contests and we have now chosen, from the many excellent replies which came to us during the course of these contests, the winner of the Grand Prize, a Royal Portable Typewriter. The winner is **CYNTHIA DAVIS**, of Saco, Maine whose July questionnaire was, in the opinion of the judges, "the neatest, most interesting and carefully-filled-out" in the series.

Our congratulations to Cynthia, and to each and every one of the prizewinners in the individual contests! Their answers were splendid, and worthy of high praise. It was not an easy matter to decide upon the winner of the Grand Prize, for all of the questionnaires submitted to the judges had been answered carefully and thoughtfully, and each had something of special interest to recommend it.

The response to the series of questionnaires was all that we had hoped for—and more. The information gathered from the replies will be of invaluable assistance to us, and we wish to thank you all, once more, for your loyal interest and cooperation.

The judges for the Grand Prize were: Marie Sellers, of the General Foods Corporation, W. H. Beckwith, of the Royal Typewriter Company, and Margaret Moran, of THE AMERICAN GIRL staff.



### What It's Made Of

WYNCOTE, PENNSYLVANIA: "What is the August *AMERICAN GIRL* made of?" It's made of stories and stories and stories! In fact, six big excitement-getters. It surely is a good idea having more stories in the summer issues when there is no home-work—thank goodness!—and less to do.

First of all, congratulations to Miss Kay for her darling cover! Then, Ellis Parker Butler has certainly won my heart with his detective club, and *The Thirty-Nine Dimes Mystery* was a corker.

Mary Avery Glen takes a medal for stories that keep you excited all the way through. And Edith Ballinger Price rates another medal for her splendid serial. I can't wait for the next issue.

Margie Hazlehurst

### Our Twin

PILOT MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA: I haven't been getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* long, but already I love it. Today I received the magazine for August and, while I was looking at it, I made a very interesting discovery. It was entered at the post office in New York on the day I was born, August 11, 1922. I feel as though I have grown up with it!

I have already read all the stories and I think the August issue is grand. I liked *The Thirty-Nine Dimes Mystery* most. Please print more letters in "A Penny for Your Thoughts."

Mary Lois Gordon

### A Help in Girl Scouting

KINDERHOOK, NEW YORK: I just have to write you and express my appreciation. I adore my *AMERICAN GIRL* though I am almost new to the magazine, since it was given to me as a Christmas present this year.

The stories are swell. I loved the story about the Tenth Street Yard Detective Club in the August issue as I am simply crazy about Ellis Parker Butler stories. Please put one in every number. I knew that Sophia was innocent. I wasn't so sure about Erastus.

*Above Mischance* was a swell story, too. I loved Mary the moment I had finished the first page and I liked Pat a lot. *The Birthday Tree* was a very cute story. I have a great desire to be like Phil and her gang, but I don't suppose I ever will be, as my gang all live on fruit farms, each one a mile or so from the others' homes.

*Fire Bug* was sort of exciting, only you knew right off the bat that Alex had nothing to do with the fires. It was funny, though, I thought it was a tramp or somebody who just didn't feel well, and wanted someone else to feel miserable, too. I haven't read *Sue Goes to Salzburg* yet, as the others looked better.

*Troubled Waters* is a grand serial. To tell the truth, I didn't like *The Heedless Haydens*, but I never told a soul. I felt you would think I was mighty queer, as all the other girls wrote and told you how they just adored it. I like *Troubled Waters* ten times better, though I'm not so keen for Constance. I like Edith Ballinger Price a lot, and am glad it is her serial. I love Orson Lowell's illustrations, too.

The *Girl Scout News* has helped me along in my Scouting a great deal.

Elizabeth Reynolds

### Marguerite Enjoys Poetry

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* only a short time, but I have learned to look forward with pleasure to each issue. I cannot begin to voice all of my enthusiasm and approval in such a small space, for I am in love with the whole magazine. However, I would like to discuss the August issue a bit.

I liked *Above Mischance* better than any of the stories this month, with *The Birthday Tree* running a close second. The other stories were all very interesting, and I adored the poems, especially Frances Frost's *Hill Pastures*. Couldn't we have a poetry page?

Marguerite Bowers

### It's Fun Imagining

GREENBRIER COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA: After reading the August issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I felt inspired, and had to tell you how much I love this magazine.

*The Thirty-Nine Dimes Mystery* was good, and let's have more mysteries, real ones!

*Above Mischance*, though with a simple plot, was fine. *The Birthday Tree* and *Fire Bug* were interesting, too.

*Sue Goes to Salzburg* was swell! I love to read about foreign cities and to imagine I'm visiting one. Salzburg is another place to add to my list of the many I would love to visit—and, although I never expect to, it's fun imagining!

Mary Bowles

### New Stories about Old Friends

SOUTH LYNNFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: For six years, I have been a faithful and devoted subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have not written to you, however, since "Well of All Things" was changed to "A Penny for Your Thoughts." I think the new page far surpasses the old. In fact, the entire magazine is just perfect.

Although all the stories in the midsummer fiction issue were delightful, my espe-

cial favorite was *Above Mischance*. The stories about the young artists at Nantucket are always exceptionally good.

The fact that new stories about old friends are continually appearing is the very thing which makes *THE AMERICAN GIRL* what it is. Meeting new characters is fun, to be sure, but getting better acquainted with the old familiar ones is fun, too. Let's have more stories about the Merriams, Sally Lou Manners, the F.A.D.'s, Bushy, Ellen Wakefield, Betty Bliss, and Kip and Em.

The articles are priceless, especially those by Beatrice Pierce. In addition, let's have more articles about motion pictures. I'd like an article about teaching, too.

Norma Lundholm

### Three Cheers for the Mariners!

AURORA, ILLINOIS:

*Little bits of paper,  
Little dabs of ink,  
Make THE AMERICAN GIRL  
Superior, I think.*

The last word should have been "know" instead of "think" but it didn't rhyme, so I'll leave it that way.

I think the Art Series gets better and better. *The Thirty-Nine Dimes Mystery* in the August number was very clever, as nearly all the Betty Bliss stories are. *Above Mischance* was splendid. Although I am not shy myself, I now understand how such boys and girls feel, and I will know better how to treat them.

*The Birthday Tree* was good, and so was *Fire Bug*. Such an unusual plot! I do hope we see more of Joy and Alex in other stories.

*Sue Goes to Salzburg* was lovely, as usual. Sue always goes to such unique, beautiful places. The story said that Sue and her mother would soon be leaving for America. Does that mean we shall have no more of their interesting travels? I hope not.

*Troubled Waters* promises to be excellent. I am anxious to find out who "them demons" are. *A Few Very Neat Ideas* was helpful, and *Table-Top Exploring with a Camera* was a clever idea.

I enjoy the *Girl Scout* features very much. The pictures are always so attractive, and the *Girl Scout* news is most interesting. I was "tickled pink" to find that the August issue dealt with the "merry Mariners." When our troop first heard of them, we certainly wished our town was right on the lake. Thus I was glad to hear from Mariners themselves; just what they did, and how they did it.

Orson Lowell's a new illustrator for our magazine, isn't he? I'm crazy about his drawings, and also Edward Poucher's and Leslie Turner's.

Muriel Martin

### Six Stories

BEN AVON, PENNSYLVANIA: Although I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for over a year and a half, I have never had the courage to write before. But when I read the August issue, I felt that I must tell you how I enjoy our magazine. To begin with, I was overjoyed to find six stories! Imagine it, *six stories*! *Troubled Waters* promises to be almost as good as *Bright Lagoon* which I think the best serial I have read. I believe Libby and Kit are going to have a lot of fun changing Constance. Then I liked *The Thirty-Nine Dimes Mystery* and *Fire Bug* next. I think that Joy proved herself as good a detective as Betty Bliss, in helping Alex.

As for the departments, I like *In Step with the Times* and *A Penny for Your Thoughts* the best. I love to read what other girls think about our magazine and I always turn to that page first. *Jeanne Archer*

### Not Enough

HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS: I have read THE AMERICAN GIRL for about seven or eight years—first when my sister had it and now when I have it—and the one and only thing I dislike about it is that there are not enough stories, articles, and pictures. I get the magazine in the noon mail and by the time I go to bed, I have it all read. If there only could be about a dozen stories instead of four or five!

*Above Mischance* is the best in the August magazine, and *The Birthday Tree* comes next. Let's have lots of Phyl and Meg stories, but *always* include John Bacon.

The *Fire Bug* was fine, too. *Troubled Waters* is just getting interesting. How I dislike Constance Blake, with her fear of spoiling her clothes! Kit and Libby are so human beside her.

*Sue Goes to Salzburg* was good, as it was a lesson about Austria without being dull.

I sincerely hope that I can keep on reading THE AMERICAN GIRL for many years to come. *Helen S. Smith*

### Cecilia Enjoys Phyl and Meg

MADISON, WISCONSIN: The covers of THE AMERICAN GIRL are simply adorable. The August cover is especially so. I enjoy hearing from Jean and Joan because I'm always anxious to find out what's coming the next month.

The Betty Bliss detective stories are awfully cute, and please keep up the Sally Lou stories. They're cute, too. Phil and Meg are my favorites, however, and I leap for joy when I see we're going to have a story about them and their friends.

The articles are grand, especially the etiquette series. In fact the whole magazine is grand, and I plan to take it till my hair turns gray. *Cecilia Roberts*

### Specially Special

TULSA, OKLAHOMA: The August number of this grand magazine was so specially special that I had to write a word of praise.

*The Thirty-Nine Dimes Mystery* was the very best yet, and the ending completely relaxed you from the tenseness of the story up to the climax; *Above Mischance* made me see myself and was quite a help to me; *Fire Bug* and *The Birthday Tree* were excellent in every way.

The articles were swell-elegant.

This month's cover deserves praise if one

ever did. But what has become of Ruth Carroll's pictures?

Oh, I forgot to mention I think the new serial is grand. *Nan Virginia Bateman*

### Birthday or Christmas Presents

GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK: My girl friends are crazy about this magazine, and both of them hope they will get it for birthday or Christmas presents. This morning when THE AMERICAN GIRL came, we all said, "Oh Boy!" and I quickly opened it and started to read. I have just finished the second installment of *Troubled Waters* and I think it is grand. I wonder if Kit and Libby will ever change their cousin Constance to their ways?

All the stories are so good I just can't tell which is best. I like the stories with Phyllis and Meg Merriam in them, and I hope we have more of them.

As a rule I don't like articles very well, but the etiquette series is fine. I certainly enjoyed, *Here Comes the Bridesmaid*!

Jean and Joan are cute, and I always read *Laugh and Grow Stout* and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. *Nancy Powell*

### "Troubled Waters" Makes a Hit

LAKE WACCAMAW, NORTH CAROLINA: My August AMERICAN GIRL came yesterday and I have read every story and article in it already. Everything in this issue is interesting.

I don't see how I can wait until next month to read Part Three of *Troubled Waters*, for I am crazy about that serial. I want to know if Constance will ever be like Kit and Libby. I don't believe she will.

The cover of the August issue is lovely. I live right by a lake, and love to swim and dive. Let's have more covers by Gertrude A. Kay.

I can only find one thing wrong with THE AMERICAN GIRL, and that is that it doesn't last long enough. I suppose this is my fault because I get so interested I don't stop until I finish reading every story.

*Mary Lampman Gault*

### The Real Ocean

MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA: I have been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN GIRL for about three years. When I am at home (I live in Lakota, North Dakota) all my friends read my magazine. We always enjoy the etiquette articles and those on crafts. We also watch the covers, and the Cover Contest News.

Last month I thought that *The Thirty-Nine Dimes Mystery* was very good. The serial, *Troubled Waters*, is also excellent. It's fun to read about the real ocean out here where a lake is usually considered big.

Let's have some more travel stories like *Sue Goes to Salzburg*, and also some more Phyl Merriam stories.

Please have some more articles on vocations, and on Girl Scout activities for troops who have little or no money to spend.

*Mary Foley*

### Inspirations

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA: The August issue gave me inspirations which I must tell you about. That grand story, *Above Mischance*, might have been written especially for me. I could easily sympathize with Mary Douglas.

I always enjoy the Detective Club mys-

tery stories and admire Betty Bliss. *Troubled Waters* is proving to be an amusing serial, and that story about Sue in Salzburg was very interesting, too.

But my favorite was *The Birthday Tree*. Can't we have one of Mary Avery Glen's stories about Phyl Merriam and Jock Bacon in every issue?

Those etiquette articles are just swell. Keep 'em up! I agree with Elizabeth Brown that articles on college and music would be fine.

Three cheers for *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *In Step with the Times*, and the puzzle page! The whole family enjoys the latter.

All in all, my sisters and I wish to say that THE AMERICAN GIRL is simply too grand to be improved, and we love every inch of it. *Louise Conner*

### Favorite Illustrators

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT: I have read several magazines for young people, but none of them please me more than THE AMERICAN GIRL. The stories in it are so real and modern in every way. The characters are all fun-loving boys and girls of today of whom I am very fond.

Gertrude A. Kay's August cover was lovely. It was so real that one could imagine the cool salt air blowing the fleecy white clouds across the blue sky.

Leslie Turner draws the cutest pictures imaginable. I must mention him because he is my favorite illustrator. Robb Beebe is an exceptionally good artist, too. He makes such pretty girls and handsome boys.

The most essential of all the articles is the series about etiquette. It is really very helpful. I am looking forward to an article by Beatrice Pierce on manners and clothes for high school girls. She did write on that some time ago, and I am hoping she chooses that subject again because I am just entering high school.

Marjorie Paradis deserves a great deal of credit for her interesting story *Fire Bug*.

I congratulate the Girl Scouts for developing such a marvelous magazine.

*June Pickett*

### Hurry It Along!

NAHANT, MASSACHUSETTS: I have taken our wonderful magazine for two years and I have just renewed my subscription for two more.

Every month I read *A Penny for Your Thoughts* with great interest. Also, every month I am determined to write, but I am just getting around to it now.

The August issue was as nearly perfect as a magazine could be. I especially enjoyed Margaret Aspinwall's *Above Mischance*, as I have the same trouble that Mary Douglas had. As yet I haven't read *Sue Goes to Salzburg* or *Fire Bug*, but they certainly look scrumptious.

I was sorry when *The Heedless Haydens* serial ended, but *Troubled Waters* is just as good.

Our good friends, Jean and Joan, announce next month's news in a very cute and novel way—and there are just the right number of stories and articles in the magazine to suit me. I love the poems, too.

I can hardly wait until next month's issue, so please hurry it along.

*Virginia Wentworth*



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## Listen!—get hungry

## RED JACKET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Just as she had foreseen, the whole crowd—F. A. D.s and the boys, too—fell for Marjorie. Publicly, Barbara gave a splendid show. No one could criticize her manners. Toward her father and Marjorie, she was correct and gracious, but as though she lived in a marked-off circle of privacy which they dare not overstep. If her concealed hardness troubled her stepmother, she told herself she couldn't help it. She wished Marjorie wouldn't play the violin so much. The music often threatened to soften her. She resisted it.

To the astute mind of Dorinda, Barbara's situation was as good as a play, going toward an ending still unresolved. She made her analysis to Kathie.

"It's pretty clever of Mrs. Robbins to take up riding lessons and golf! She's simply bent on winning Barbara's admiration. And, believe it or not, Kathie Barnes, Barbara is holding out against her, even if she does act so pleased and sweet about her stepmother. I mean she hasn't really made the adjustment."

The news went round that Monty had taken on young Mrs. Robbins at squash. Certainly Monty played no fancy game, but he was keen about Barbara's stepmother, and he hoped that bounding around on the squash court would help trim his circumference.

"Won't you come for a walk, you and Albie?" Marjorie asked Barbara on a bright Saturday morning, blustery with wind that brought the leaves down in showers.

"Sorry." Barbara consulted her wrist watch. Half-past eleven. "There isn't time, I'm afraid. I have a date for lunch," she begged off, a little airily.

SHE was on her way upstairs to dress for the engagement which she didn't deign to explain, a tramp and a picnic lunch in the woods with Wylie, who would pick her up here as soon as he got off from his duties at the bank at noon. Of course she could have gratified Marjorie's eagerness by taking a tame amble in the nearby fields for half an hour, but why should she? At the moment, she felt particularly stiff-necked in her resistance to Marjorie's charm, for she had been fighting off the spell of the music that had pervaded the house all the morning while her stepmother practiced in the library.

Barbara began to assemble an outfit for the excursion, a stout tweed skirt, tan as the dry autumn fields beyond the house, and a woolen sweater that snuggled high around her neck. To test the amount of bite in the air, she flung up a bedroom window and thrust out her head. But what was this she saw?

Already past the vegetable garden's border of dry cornstalks, dipping tipsily in the wind, Marjorie went swinging into the field. The suit she wore was gentian blue; Albion, white as frost, frolicked in circles around her bright, brisk figure. Jealousy clutched Barbara. Her stepmother had no right to Albion's company. He belonged to her. She meant to take him on the picnic. Her shrill whistle stopped his cavorting, and

he obediently turned back. Marjorie stopped, too, evidently not at all put out, for she shouted some explanation, pleasant-faced. But the noisy wind carried away her voice, and Barbara wasn't even sure that she had caught the word "goldenrod."

"Don't go into Murray's pasture for it!" she called back, with all the lustiness her lungs could command.

Maybe the wind had deafened Marjorie, too. She only nodded in the vaguest way and waved good-by. Barbara had a momentary impulse to run after her and make the reason for her warning clear, though it was absurd to suppose that timid Marjorie would venture so far alone, much less attempt to climb a breast-high fence like the one around Murray's lot. She closed the window and turned away.

Casually and deliberately, since Wylie might not turn up for another half hour, she changed into the warm skirt and sweater. There would be a chill in the woods today, so she added to her costume the gay jacket of berry-red cloth.

**D**OWNSTAIRS, Albion sulked in the library. When Barbara came down to hunt for a book, she found it next to Marjorie's precious violin which lay, unusually, with the case open. At first sight, the mute instrument irritated her. Its music, even when it wasn't sounding, could work an enchantment on her mood, she reminded herself, and after a few restless moments she gave herself up to its spell, putting her book away. All the lovely tunes which Marjorie had played here skimmed through the air like ghosts. When she closed her eyes, her fantasy began to trick her unpleasantly. Had she, or had she not, seen her stepmother start on that diagonal path which led to the Murray's land? She could see childlike Marjorie wandering in wide-eyed ignorance toward a situation of sinister danger. Why, why hadn't she told her what a fearsome thing lurked in that piece of fenced-off countryside?

Unable to shake off the unpleasant thought, she sprang up the stairs, and got out her field glasses. Surely they would re-

veal Marjorie, in her gentian-colored suit, meandering safely home. She twisted the powerful lenses and swept the open country into her vision until, far away and very small, she marked a moving spot of blue, growing smaller.

"Albie!" She sped down the steps. "Here, Albie! Out the kitchen way! We must catch her!"

The cook looked up, agape, as the two went through, Barbara calling, "Tell Mr. Wylie to follow, as fast as he can! To Murray's pasture!"

They were racing off the distance now between the house and that pasture, the tall girl in a scarlet jacket and the white terrier, gaining on the helpless blue speck that was Marjorie. Could they possibly overtake her when she had started so far ahead? Was she really planning to enter that fenced-off ground?

As they neared the Murray farm, Barbara could see her stepmother plainly, sauntering through the fields, pausing now and then to admire the autumn coloring. She shouted, over and over again, "Marjorie, oh, Marjorie, stop! Don't go over the fence!" The turbulent wind swept the words back in her face. From behind, she thought she could hear Wylie's oncoming halloos, but she dared not risk a second to turn and look.

Still too far away to stop her, she saw Marjorie clamber agilely over the fence, all intent on the golden stalks she stooped to gather. Barbara tore ahead, her eyes fixed on the wooded places in the enclosure and the lengthwise grove that rose in a menacing background. The embodiment of her fear hadn't yet stepped out of hiding. Perhaps—by some lucky chance . . .

**B**UT no! More than wind was shaking the underbrush in that shadowy place. First the head and then the body of a great bull emerged from the grove. Marjorie, unaware, with her back to the beast and her pursuers, had lifted up her vivid little figure. Coming on from behind, Barbara noted the sullen motion of the bull's head, back and forth, then the (Continued on page 49)

## AMIKUK, THE WILY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

another section of the bed, but Amikuk had seen enough. Hesitating no longer, he slid from his resting place and dived silently into the sea. Down he went, turned sharply off at a tangent, and cruised swiftly outward from the scene of death behind him.

**T**HOUGH his aversion to man was the dominant force of Amikuk's life—a feeling possessed by the sea-otter to a greater extent than by any other animal perhaps—and his wariness extreme, there were times when he was obliged to sleep, and no creature can sleep and watch at the same time. Though as aquatic as any four-footed animal could be, there were limits to Amikuk's powers and he could not rest below the surface. After all, he was not a fish and so periods of utter vulnerability were inevitable. He took care, however, that his naps were taken in areas which his Eskimo persecutors were unlikely to in-

vade—though he could not be sure that they would never find him asleep and unprotected.

So it was that he was fast asleep one afternoon in a lazy sea. The long undulation of the surges was restful, and only the cry of an occasional sea bird broke the stillness. Amikuk was as much off-guard as he ever had been in his life. He had been in deep sleep for perhaps half an hour, and his first intimation of anything amiss was a hot, stinging pain in his left shoulder. It galvanized him into instant activity and sent him plunging below like a fleeing salmon.

**A**BOVE him on the surface, an angry Eskimo vented his rage in a guttural ejaculation, and drew a keen bone-pointed spear into his kayak with vicious jerks. He had accounted the sleeping otter an easy prey, his aim had been steady, and there was no reason to doubt the acquisition of the magnificent hide. But at the very instant in which his arm had (Continued on page 45)

Almost every evening for years, this boy wrote letters to boys in many far-off foreign countries.



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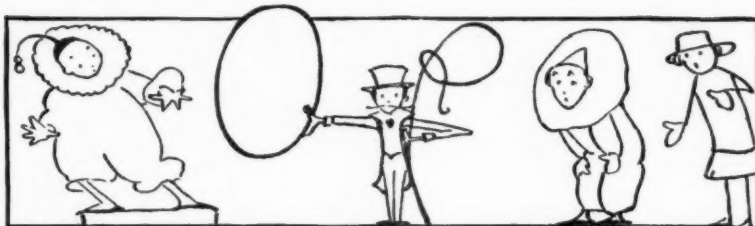
This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of The American Girl Magazine for the six months' period, January 1st to and including June 30, 1935, was as follows:

Copies sold	81,092
Copies distributed free	2,627
	83,719

Signed: ANNE STODDARD  
(Editor and Business Manager)

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this fifth day of July, 1935.

MATILDA KRUG, Notary Public



## Laugh and Grow Scout

### Invitation

Tommy's teacher received the following note from his mother:

"Please excuse Tom's absence as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will oblige—Mrs. White." — *Sent by Shirley Trude, Hartford, Connecticut.*

### At School

TEACHER: Harry, when did Columbus come over the ocean?

HARRY: I don't know.

TEACHER: Well, look in your history book. What does it say?

HARRY: Columbus, 1492.

TEACHER: That's right.

HARRY: Oh, I thought that was his telephone number. — *Sent by ELIZABETH HILLIARD, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.*

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

All Welcome



DINER: Do you serve crabs here?  
WAITER: We serve anyone. Sit down. — *Sent by LEONA LARSON, Gays Mills, Wisconsin.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Poor Man!

TRAMP: Lady, could I have a quarter so I could get to where my family is?

KIND LADY: Why, yes, you may have a quarter. Where is your family?

TRAMP: At de movies. — *Sent by MARJORIE BLAIR, Jamestown, New York.*

### Stepping On It

"Going to a fire?" a traffic officer sarcastically asked a speeding motorist.

"Well, not exactly," answered the motorist. "Just trying to prevent one."

"Oh, yeah! And how were you going to do that?"

"Well, the boss said he'd fire me if I should be late again, and I was trying to get to the office in time." — *Sent by NORMA LA ROSE, Chicago, Illinois.*

### Its Shape

TEACHER: John, what is the shape of the world?

JOHN: Well, Dad said last night it was in the worst shape he'd seen it in for a long time. — *Sent by VIRGINIA M. MEAD, Salem, Indiana.*

### A Reasonable Wish



MRS. JOHNSING: Ah wants a round trip ticket fo' Euphonia.

TICKET AGENT (after ten minutes' search): Lady, I can't find that station. Where is Euphonia?

MRS. JOHNSING: Settin' right over dere on dat bench, Mistah. — *Sent by LYDIA MILHAHN, Hartsburg, Illinois.*

### Correct!



TEACHER: Name the principal uses of cowhide.

PUPIL: It holds the cow together. — *Sent by LEONE WICKLUND, Rochester, Minnesota.*

### Light

TENDERFOOT: How do you know when it's morning?

FIRST CLASS SCOUT: I don't know.

TENDERFOOT: It dawns upon you! — *Sent by DOROTHY RANKIN, Iowa City, Iowa.*

### Horrible of Them

DUMB DORA: I'm not going to school any more.

BUSY LIZZIE: Why not?

DUMB DORA: I can't learn anything. The teachers keep changing the lessons every day. — *Sent by JEAN HUMES, Iola, Kansas.*



# AMIKUK, THE WILY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

launched the weapon, a passing beluga had risen to the surface nearby to blow. The white whale's sudden expiration of breath, only a few feet from the kayak's stern, was startling in its loudness and caused a slight flicker in the dusky hunter's aim. The spear had deviated a trifle in its flight and, instead of piercing Amikuk's vitals, had cut into his shoulder and dropped away. Whale and otter had disappeared, each ignorant of the other's presence. Amikuk was thoroughly alarmed by this encounter, and the wound in his shoulder reminded him vividly of his escape.

It was some time later that he realized something was wrong with the weather. Like many of the wild kindred he was susceptible to atmospheric changes. No stranger to storms, he accepted them without alarm, for in his watery world they were of common occurrence and caused him only passing inconvenience. Now, however, for a day and a night the wind had shifted, waxed and waned as if uncertain of what direction or intensity to assume; and with mid-morning of the second day, it had swung into the southwest and steadily increased. Amikuk sensed that something unusual was coming.

THE ocean grew rougher and rougher, with huge rollers surging up from the boundless leagues of water to the southward. The slopes and valleys between the waves became more and more furrowed and broken, while the crests were split and torn into whirling spindrift by the ever-increasing tempest. Bursts of rain, which turned almost immediately to stinging sleet, pelted the waves into thousands of tiny pits, and over all swept occasional blinding flurries of snow.

Amikuk, lying on a heavy bed of kelp, watched the growing fury of wind and water with interest. As the gray day wore on and an early gloom descended over the wildness of the northern ocean, the otter began to be impressed with the conviction that this was like no other storm he had ever experienced. Never had the beat of the waves been so wild; never had the shriek of the gale held such a note of deep-toned menace.

Still not alarmed, he remained on the surface, his head thrust into a thick growth of the weed to shield it from the blast. Finally, however, he gave up and dived into what he believed would be a quieter realm below. As he went he passed fleeing fish, shooting silently by like phantoms through the gloom; several seals swept by, their wide eyes holding terror in their liquid depths. Such unrest in the lower waters was unknown to Amikuk, for at this depth all was usually serene. Down, down he plunged, and at last he did gain utter silence and peace, but he could not remain in the depths indefinitely.

His need for air forced him up again shortly and when he emerged at the surface the contrast was startling indeed. A roaring tumult raged, and as hurriedly as possible, Amikuk filled his lungs and returned below again.

In such manner he spent some time,

alternately rising and descending, but each time he found it increasingly worse at the surface. It was difficult now to get breath there for the air was so filled with spray and spume that it was nearly liquid itself. The strain began to tell upon Amikuk at last, and he became weary of the buffeting and discomfort of the long day. His numerous dives, the difficulty of procuring sufficient air, and the ache of his muscles tired him greatly. A vague alarm possessed him now and turned later into a positive fear.

It was shortly after his first real panic began that he found himself caught in a peculiar, swirling current. Set up by some quirk of the tempest, or induced by the configuration of a chain of islands to the westward, this force seized upon him, sending him northward in its irresistible embrace, and he did not have the strength to fight it.

Carried on and on, struggling to gain the air which supplied his laboring lungs, he was swept helplessly along in the powerful current. Darkness closed over the surface at last, a darkness vocal with the terrifying shriek of the tempest. All through that night of horror Amikuk was swept northward.

Towards morning, the current began to lose its force, but so bemused was the otter that he scarcely noted the slackening of his progress. It had become at length only a drifting, erratic course, but the set of the sea was still to the north. Alone, thoroughly frightened, but still grimly fighting, Amikuk managed to keep his lungs supplied though his aching body was on the verge of collapse.

Dawn fought through the gray murk at last and, shortly afterward, the weather showed unmistakable signs of breaking. Patches of blue sky appeared to the westward. Exhausted as he was, Amikuk had little inclination to investigate his unfamiliar surroundings. He could see the tumbled ice-cakes on the shoreline, and through the heaving, smoking seas, he paddled feebly (Continued on page 47)

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SOME most interesting girls are waiting for you in this season's books! One of them lives in the Kentucky Mountains, another in the far West on a ranch. One of them is keeping house in Russia, another goes to Europe to study art and there finds a fascinating adventure. Still another (and you can quite quickly guess who she is) goes with her husband by airplane to the Orient. She is a real girl, of course; the others are book friends.

#### Lona

*Lona of Hollybush Creek* by Genevieve Fox (Little, Brown) is the girl in the Kentucky Mountains. If you have read Genevieve Fox's very interesting book, *Mountain Girl Comes Home*, you will remember Lona as the small mountain girl whom Sairy Anne and her young doctor husband took into their own home. In this new book she is older, and interested in the very thing that many Girl Scouts enjoy in camp and at Scout meetings—handicraft, and especially weaving. How she uses her handicraft to help her mountain people and how in the end she finds great happiness make a most interesting story.

#### Jan Daybright

Jan Daybright is the girl on the ranch, and a mighty fine one she is! The story is called *Boss of the Ragged O* (Farrar and Rinehart) and it is by Norma Bicknell Mansfield, author of *Keeper of the Wolves*, the serial you enjoyed so much in our own magazine. Jan has red hair and wide eyes, dark as the bottom of a tar bucket, and she can ride any horse on the ranch.

With the death of Jan's grandfather, who was a leader among the ranchers of Home Valley, many problems arise, not only for Jan but for her neighbors. Most perplexing among the problems is the fact that a large corporation is trying, by underhand means, to get possession of all the ranches in the valley. But there is in Jan the fine spirit of her grandfather. She plunges into the fight valiantly, and her splendid courage saves the ranchers' homes for them.

#### Peggy

Many of you may remember Peggy, who is keeping house in Russia, as the girl, half American, half Russian, in one of the *Katrinka* books by Helen E. Haskell. In this story, *Peggy Keeps House* by Helen E.

### By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, *The Junior Literary Guild*

Haskell (Dutton), Peggy returns to Russia after a long visit in this country, eagerly looking forward to seeing Peter again. When the Russian Peter meets her on her arrival, she knows that more than anything else in the world she wishes to become his wife. After they are married, Peggy and Peter set up housekeeping in New Russia, and what adventures they do have! It is all so different from the homes that Peggy's American friends have in America. And there comes a time when she is so completely discouraged she does not see how she can work things out. But here, too, Peter helps.

#### Anne Fenton

Anne Fenton's uncle is President of the United States, her father Attorney General. So it is that Anne lives in Washington, and is in and out of the White House. But because she has a very definite talent for drawing and painting, she wishes to do more than merely attend social functions. Her mother and father encourage her to go to Italy to study art, with a visit first among the delightful friends she made while in school in Switzerland. *Anne at Work* by Margaret Doane Fayerweather (McBride) is the story of the many unusual happenings that befall Anne during her stay abroad. While there she comes to know beyond all doubt that, in addition to her art, she wishes to work for the cause of world peace.

Because of her unusual connections she has an opportunity to carry out her determination, and even though it leads her into actual danger, she does not falter. Mark Ordway is most important to the story, and also most important to Anne.

#### Anne Lindbergh

All of us remember the thrilling trip that Anne and Charles Lindbergh took when they flew by the northward route to the Orient. And we have not forgotten the very real and important part that Anne Lindbergh herself played on this trip. For she herself is a fine aviator in her own right.

Now in *North to the Orient* by Anne Lindbergh (Harcourt, Brace) she has written the story of those days in the air, and the interesting visits they made. And she

has described it all so vividly that we, no matter where we are, may share in the Lindberghs' dramatic days high above the earth.

#### To the Orient with Marco Polo

Any one who goes to the Orient is sure to remember Marco Polo and his glamorous journey to the land of Kublai Khan. For our younger readers, *He Went With Marco Polo*, by Louise Andrews Kent (Houghton Mifflin), is a dramatic book, certain to be enjoyed. It is the story of Tony, a boy who went with Marco Polo, as the title indicates. Tony was cold and hungry as he rowed his gondola along the canals of Venice in the early gray morning, and little did he imagine what that day would bring him—how he would find himself listening, with young Marco Polo, to wonder tales of Cathay told them by Nicolo and Maffeo, the returned travelers—or how the next time the great Polo galleys left for Constantinople loaded with oil, wool, brocades, wine, and linens, Tony and Marco would be aboard.

Years of thrilling adventures lay ahead. Travel by caravan across burning deserts, mountains, and freezing plains. At last, Cathay and the great Kublai Khan himself, the wonders of Xanadu, the great palaces, gardens, magicians, and jewels. Finally, they returned to Venice, "the finest city in all the world"—because it was their home.

#### Two Famous Writers

For older girls who enjoy reading the true stories of famous writers, I recommend *Young Walter Scott* by Elizabeth Janet Gray (Viking Press); and *Youth's Captain*, the story of Ralph Waldo Emerson by Hildegard Hawthorne (Longmans, Green).

*Young Walter Scott* gives a charming picture of the boyhood days of this famous novelist, days that were none too easy because of the handicap of his lameness, but days that brought, too, much joyous living in the beautiful country of Scotland.

*Youth's Captain* will tell you about one of our greatest Americans whose New England boyhood was in so many ways different from Walter Scott's. Yet Ralph Waldo Emerson, too, was physically frail. And life was not easy for him, aside from this, though there was in him that bright purpose which led on to splendid accomplishment. Nor was any book of his, or any of his famous lectures, greater than his capacity for friendship.

# AMIKUK, THE WILY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

toward that bleak outpost of the land. It was a thin, projecting spit—that much he did note—and he saw, too, that the main body of it was still shrouded in spindrift. The spot he was heading toward was all but an islet, and this was highly satisfactory for it promised a certain isolation. Certainly it was unlikely that any hunter, hardy as the northern hunters were, would be upon it after the lashing of such a gale. It was low, hummocky, and offered a haven that the exhausted otter desperately needed. Perhaps in other circumstances he would have shunned it, lonely as it was, but he had been sorely tried and rest was imperative.

Even in this extremity, however, his natural caution was not dead. From the crests of the rollers he eyed his intended destination keenly, staring at the jumbled, snow-bound shore with eyes that missed no detail. Nothing stirred there, no sign of life was evident, not even a wheeling gull broke the monotony of gray sky and mottled beach. Closer and closer in he came and, balancing himself on the billows, rode forward on a creaming crest to glide into a shallow little cove, rimmed about by an up-ended, confused mass of jagged ice-cakes.

Turning about, he swam to a flat, slab-like floe a few feet from the beach, and scrambled

out upon it. A mass of weed lay twisted and flattened on the discolored ice, and he knew that his dark form would blend into such a resting place. Then, because he could not help himself, his head sank forward and he slipped into unconsciousness.

The fates were really kind to Amikuk for he never knew or realized his last mistake. Exhaustion had veiled his wonderful vision, but it also made his doom quick and painless. It was not to be wondered at that he could not pick out the motionless watcher whose keen eyes had seen him before ever he himself sighted the tiny islet. The old white bear had lain as immobile as the ice-cakes themselves. He, too, was worn with fighting the gale and a gnawing emptiness claimed his vitals.

He followed the incoming form of Amikuk with eyes that blazed beneath narrowed lids, but not a muscle twitched under his cream-white coat. He watched while the big sea otter made the cove and struggled out upon the ice floe; he watched and waited until he had gauged the distance and the crucial moment came.

The bear's leap was true, his paw was quick. One flailing blow and it was over. And as a sudden flurry of whirling flakes swept in from the sea, his huge white form rose slowly from the shallows. Throwing a long, dark shape across his shoulder, he turned and disappeared among the jumbled ice-cakes beyond the shoreline.

# GIRL SHOUT WEEK

"Hello, Rosies," she said. "Any business? We're putting on a pageant day after tomorrow—*The Spirit of Girl Scout Week*. Hope you'll come. By the way, your youngest seems to have been kicking up quite a commotion around town."

"What do you mean?" Jane demanded.

"Haven't you heard?" Augusta cried. "Bobo Witherspoon! She's been running in and out everywhere, yelling at the top of her lungs about Girl Scouting. In at the Chamber of Commerce, and the Red Cross rooms. I heard she even went and screamed at Mr. Bristle, and—"

Miss Roberts had hurried forward among the stricken members of Red Rose Troop. "Good gracious!" she cried. "How awful! What will the commissioner think—what will every one think? Absolutely against all our principles . . . oh, oh, how terribly unfortunate."

"That little dumb bunny," said Jane between her teeth. "What in the world did she think she was doing? Who could imagine—"

"Mr. Bristle!" moaned Vera. "There goes our last chance of getting the day-camp!"

"The Chamber of Commerce!" gasped Betty. "Making us utterly ridiculous! Oh!"

Bobo, sucking a lollipop to ease her decidedly overtaxed throat, strolled homeward a little late for supper. But telephones had been busy; a distracted captain and an agitated commissioner had reduced Mrs. Witherspoon to a state of hysteria akin to the top of her own. Bobo's mother met her at the gate.

"I'm surprised!" she cried. "I'm shocked. I'm disappointed, Bobo. We thought you understood the ideals of Scouting better

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

than this. To make a spectacle of yourself all over town—to disgrace your troop—to spoil any chance of the commissioner seriously getting help for the things the Girl Scouts need. You're not *old* enough to be a Scout! You ought to have stayed with the Brownies, playing their games. No, not a word," she added, as Bobo opened her mouth. "Off to bed you go, and in the morning you'll have to go and apologize to Miss Roberts and to the commissioner, and we'll have to try and explain to all these people you've been shrieking at."

Bobo watered her pillow with many hot tears.

"I was only trying to be a good Scout," she whispered, clinging to the Tenderfoot pin which she always carefully transferred to her pajamas. "I was only trying to do what they *said* we had to do."

Bobo's family received her coldly in the morning. They hinted that she was unworthy of the uniform she had again donned. That no doubt Miss Roberts would think it better for her to surrender her Tenderfoot pin for a while.

"But I only—" began Bobo.

"You only made yourself, and your family, and Girl Scouting, ridiculous," said her father severely. "I don't know what you said, but we heard that you went yelling all over town, shouting at the top of your voice, and—"

At that moment the telephone rang, and Mrs. Witherspoon rose to answer it. The voice of the com- (Continued on page 48)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

missioner reached her rather gaspingly.

"If—if you're still punishing Bobo, Mrs. Witherspoon, perhaps you'd better not go any further. It—it seems incredible, but the morning mail has just brought me word that the Community Chest has decided to extend an appropriation to the Girl Scouts. Mr. Burrows writes that they had never before been quite fully aroused to the real needs and the real value of Girl Scouting in the community. He says our—our little representative convinced him . . ."

PAYING no attention to a weak gurgling sound from Mrs. Witherspoon at the other end of the line, the commissioner hurried on. "The Red Cross has also written to say that we are quite welcome to use their rooms for First Aid training, if we really need them as much as the earnest little Tenderfoot said. And here's the most extraordinary thing—Mr. Bristle called me up and said that he'll be very glad to have us use his lot for the day-camp. He said it must be a good movement, if it produces such enthusiasm and zeal as he saw displayed yesterday. And he said he was deeply

impressed by the Handbook which the young lady showed him."

JANE BURKE stood above Bobo Witherspoon at the next meeting of Red Rose troop.

"I don't know whether you ought to be spanked," she said, "or given a Thanks Badge. You certainly turned the trick, polliwog, but your methods were hair-raising. Utterly hair-raising."

"What did possess you to go yelling at every one so?" Miss Roberts asked gently. "It—it seemed so undignified. So un-Scoutly, Bobo."

"Well, but," Bobo answered reproachfully, "you said it was to be Girl Shout Week—that is, Jane did—when we all were to make a lot of noise and tell people about Scouting. So I did. And I went to the ones you said ought to do things for us and wouldn't. And they all asked me why I talked so loud, and I told them on account of its being Girl Shout Week, and then they got much nicer and we parted friends."

Red Rose troop with one accord lay flat on the gym floor, and for a time nothing

was heard but their painful squeaks and gasps. Miss Roberts stood weakly in their midst, shaking silently and looking at Bobo, whose puppy eyes were growing bigger and darker every moment.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread . . ." murmured Betty.

"You just hush up," commanded Jane Burke, as she struggled upright. "It's still Shout Week!" she panted. "Let's all shout Hallelujah!"

"Let's give three cheers!" Lillian cried.

"WE WANT BOBO!"

"WE WANT BOBO!"

"WE WANT BOBO!!!"

The outcry shook the rafters.

"RAY! RAY! RAY!"

Bobo looked doubtfully at Miss Roberts. "Then I'm n-not unworthy to wear the uniform?" she asked uncertainly.

"We're proud to have you wearing it," said Miss Roberts. "And now come over here with me, Bobo, and I'll explain the mixed-up parts you don't quite understand."

Bobo followed her, adoringly.

## THE GREAT CORNELIUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

heard the great man laugh! When he spoke again he was affability itself. "Well—let me see. That ought not to be impossible." He seemed to be consulting an engagement book. "Suppose we say Thursday, October thirty-first, at three o'clock, at my Chicago office. Make a note of that, Miss Levick." (Apparently he addressed his secretary.) "Tell Mr. Barstow that I shall be glad to see him and Mr. Fearon, Miss—ah—Kingsley!" he added pleasantly. He hung up the receiver, and Sue frantically wrote down the appointment on her former memorandum.

As she looked up, the door opened and Miss Bayliss entered. One glance at the older woman's appearance caused her to leap to her feet with an exclamation. Miss Bayliss's face was white, her hair dishevelled, and her jaunty walking-hat had a strange slant. There was a smudge across her cheek.

Sue ran for a chair and Miss Bayliss sank into it. "My dear girl," she said heavily, "I've had an awful afternoon."

"What happened?"

"An accident." She passed her hand across her forehead. "I went up to West Twenty-third Street after luncheon. To look up that Halsted matter for Mr. Barstow. It delayed me longer than I expected and I snatched a taxi, coming back, instead of taking the subway. I had this heavy ledger to carry. The driver seemed careless. We turned into Sixth Avenue, and he collided with one of the pillars of the Elevated."

"My goodness!" breathed Sue.

Miss Bayliss closed her eyes. "The taxi turned over on its side. There was a smell of gasoline and some smoke. Two men wrenched open the door above me and helped me out. The driver wasn't hurt. I think I fainted. I found myself sitting in the middle of the street, with somebody trying to pull me up by the arms. I'd been

thrown against the top of the cab and had struck my head. They took me into a store, and I sat for over an hour before I dared try the trip down town. Finally, when I felt able, I took the subway. I'd seen enough of taxis."

Sue brought Miss Bayliss a glass of water from the big carboy in the alcove. She dampened an office towel and gently wiped the streak from her face. Leaning back, Miss Bayliss smiled her thanks. Looking into her hazel eyes at this close range, the girl saw for an instant, not the cool, self-possessed private secretary, but an appealingly human woman shaken by a distressing experience.

"I thought I'd had an exciting afternoon, but beside yours it doesn't seem like anything," she began when Miss Bayliss had recovered a little. Then she launched into the story of her own predicament, and of the appointment finally arranged with the great Cornelius.

At the mention of Mr. Isham's name Miss Bayliss sat up and leaned forward in her chair, following every word. At the climax of the narrative she started. "Good enough!" she exclaimed. She rose and straightened her hat. "That was an excellent piece of work, Miss Kingsley. I doubt if I could have handled it as well myself. I shall tell Mr. Barstow about it tomorrow. Get your bonnet on now," she added, laughing a little, "and let's go home. I think it's about time we called it a day."

WHEN Sue returned from her lunch on Tuesday she found the office in an atmosphere of excitement. Mr. Barstow, stocky and bald-headed, just arrived from Washington, was pacing the floor of the outer room, instructing Miss Bayliss in jerky sentences about the removal of certain papers from the files. His hands were in

his trousers' pockets, and he jingled his keys and loose silver as he walked. A Gladstone bag stood beside his desk in the inner sanctum.

No one had time to tell Sue what it was all about. Later she discovered for herself. Mr. Isham's secretary had rung up during her absence, saying that the financier would stop to see Mr. Barstow for a few minutes that day on his way to a luncheon appointment. Apparently he had not departed for Chicago the night before according to schedule. His prospective call was an un-hoped-for condescension, a favorable omen for Mr. Barstow's plans.

MISS Bayliss put off her luncheon to a later hour. Leaving her own desk, which was in Mr. Barstow's room, she seated herself at Sue's in the outer office so that she might meet the great man and conduct him without delay into the presence of her chief.

Sue effaced herself before the files near the hall door. Deprived of her working tools and embarrassed to appear idle, she kept up a semblance of busyness by softly pulling out one drawer of the steel cabinet after another.

When the hall door opened and Cornelius Isham stepped firmly inside, he looked to her exactly as she had imagined him—a tall, aristocratic figure, with long forceful face, iron-gray hair and mustache, and piercing gray eyes. His gold glasses were held by a narrow black ribbon.

Miss Bayliss hastened to meet him and show him into Mr. Barstow's room. Returning, she closed the door softly behind her, and seated herself once more in Sue's chair.

In the private room there was a subdued rumble of voices which rose presently in cadences of farewell. The two men came out together. Mr. Barstow was escorting his visitor to the elevator. As he passed Sue

he thrust a bundle of papers into her hand. "We'll need two copies of these as soon as possible, Miss Kingsley," he directed.

The great man's hand was on the door-knob, but at Mr. Barstow's words he wheeled sharply, dropping his eyeglasses to the length of their ribbon. He turned his glance on Sue and looked through her as if she had been transparent. "Ah,—Miss Kingsley!" he said. He extended his hand and took Sue's shrinking little paw in a firm clasp. Mr. Barstow looked on, amazed.

The great Cornelius smiled. "Miss Kingsley and I had a little brush yesterday. You have a clever secretary, Mr. Barstow. If you ever get tired of her, she must get into touch with my New York office. So be good to her," he added, clapping Mr. Barstow on the shoulder.

The two men strode, laughing, down the hall. "I'll see you and Mr. Fearon, then, in Chicago on the thirty-first," Sue heard the banker say as they parted.

Mr. Barstow came back. "What's all this, Miss Kingsley? What witchcraft have you been using on Mr. Isham?" he asked in amused surprise.

Sue glanced doubtfully at Miss Bayliss, but the secretary smiled and nodded. "Go ahead and tell it. I haven't had a chance yet to have a word with Mr. Barstow about the details of our big day."

## RED JACKET

toss which meant an angry snort, puffed out by the wind. It was evident that the little blue figure angered him. As Barbara redoubled her speed, his pawing hooves cast up flakes of earth and a shower of leaves. Planting his forelegs, he lowered his horns, poised for a charge—and those terrible horns had once gored a man to death.

The girl was almost at the fence now, and she could hear Wylie shouting to her, though the wind carried his words away. Thrusting frantically through the bushes which grew in a ditch on the near side of the fence, she caught her sleeve on a thorny twig, tearing it. An inspiration seized her. What was it her father always called the red jacket she was wearing—her "toreador's coat"? The remembered phrase flashed a suggestion to her brain. Stripping off her jacket, she waved it wildly as she ran, hoping to divert the bull's attention. But while she tried to cry out a last, dry-throated warning, the creature lunged with blind direction at Marjorie.

The miracle was a matter of inches. Oblivious of her peril, Marjorie stepped toward a farther clump of goldenrod, out of the bull's path, and though his furious attack only grazed her, she crumpled to the ground.

**S**TILL playing her red coat like a toreador's cape, Barbara reached the fence. There its brilliance caught the thwarted animal's glance, and she drew him to the left, away from the blue figure, lying now dead-still on the ground. With a long fling she cast the garment into the pasture where the bull set upon it, bawling, trampling, piercing it with his horns. In a second he had made of it a mud-crust, tattered rag.

Still Marjorie lay motionless on the ground among the yellow flowers. How should they

When the tale was told, Mr. Barstow radiated approval. "Excellent! Good job! So it was you who turned the trick? You'll find that that kind of originality and resourcefulness is a splendid business asset, Miss Kingsley."

**T**HAT evening found Sue again with Phyllis and Meg in the Merriam living-room. There was color in Sue's cheeks and her eyes sparkled.

"And late this afternoon Mr. Barstow called me into the private office," she was saying. "Miss Bayliss was there, too, and they both looked so pleasant. He said Miss Bayliss had told him that I'd been not only faithful and painstaking, but had already identified myself intelligently with the interests of the office. Those were his very words, girls. And he'd decided to raise my salary even though I was only in my second week. He said he thought I'd been started in too low. What do you know about that?"

Sitting on the arm of Sue's chair, Phyllis beamed with sympathetic delight. "It's marvelous," she said.

Sue took a deep bite from a chocolate-covered spice cake on a plate at her elbow, and washed it down with a swallow of lemonade. "Now I can really be of some help to Father," she exulted. "I'm simply crazy about business, girls!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

ever reach her? Despair choked the girl.

But she had forgotten Albion whose swift instinct told him what to do. Taking the fence at a leap, he seized the bull by the nose, and sinking his teeth into his ancestral enemy's tender nostrils, he swung there like a pendulum. True to his breed, he made sure of a decisive conquest. Not until the pain-maddened bull dropped to his knees, did he unsnap his teeth. Then, with a great leap, he rebounded the fence while his now thoroughly subdued victim retreated to the grove.

**W**YLIE, too, had reached the fence. In the same flashing moment in which the terrier attacked, he had bounded over and picked up Marjorie. The bull, bawling and stamping in his efforts to dislodge his tormentor, had paid no heed to this new intruder, and Wylie brought Marjorie safely over, shaken, but uninjured and game.

"Darling!" Barbara gathered her stepmother into her arms. Her tears streamed on Marjorie's hair. New affection lightened her heart, beating joyously, and it strengthened her arms, clasping the other's swaying body.

Marjorie's blue eyes gazed up questioningly. "I walked in the woods for a while, and then I strolled over here to get some goldenrod. You—you came for me? You knew I was in danger?"

But Barbara only shook her head, her lips trembling. Her heart was too full at that moment for ready speech. Then she said quietly, controlling herself with an effort, "Dad's probably come back for lunch. Won't he be in a dither—hearing we've all run off to Murray's pasture, and me in my toreador's coat? We'd better hustle. Wylie, let's lock hands in a seat and carry Marjorie home."



## How pretty is your bedroom?

If you want all the girls to envy your room—here's an easy way to "doll it" up! Just wash the windows—rub down the woodwork—and give your curtains a bath in Fels-Naptha Soap. In a jiffy, it will make everything bright and gay. Fels-Naptha, you see, brings you good golden soap and lots of naphtha to loosen dirt quicker. Tell mother Fels-Naptha gets clothes cleaner, too—it banishes "tattle-tale gray."

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## **"The Trees Are Indian Princes,**

## **But Soon They'll Turn to Ghosts—"**

● Perilously, Jean crawled out on the swaying branch of an oak tree, reaching for a spray of scarlet and maroon leaves. Joan stood beneath the tree, looking up anxiously at her friend.

"Do be careful," she urged. "It won't do you any good to break a leg, you know."

"Uh-huh," reassured her chum, edging out still further. She broke off the bright spray and slid to the ground. "Look at these leaves with the sun on them! Did you ever see such a glorious blaze of color?"

"Makes me feel—sort of more alive—just to look at them," agreed Joan.

● "Have you read your November AMERICAN GIRL?" she asked, as they turned toward home. "Mine's up

at the house," she added, as Jean shook her head. "Let's go and have a look."

"Suits me," answered Jean. "Kitty Carman told me that there's a grand story in it by Beth Bradford Gilchrist—*Supper for Twelve*. It's about the floods in Vermont. And a delightful article on reading by William Rose Benet."

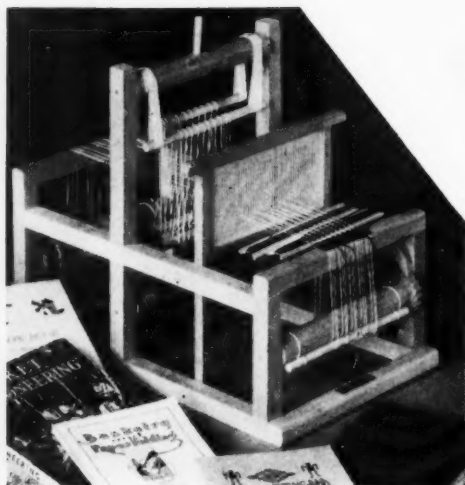
● "That sounds interesting," said Joan. "And there's a football yarn, *Hero Stuff*, by Kenneth Payson Kempton, that I'm dying to get my teeth into. Let's have a go at that first!"

"Okay!" Jean slanted her red beret at a rakish angle. "I'm burned up about Edith Ballinger Price's *Troubled*

*Waters*—but I'll try to wait patiently and politely until you're ready to read the new installment with me."

"Old goose!" Joan linked her arm in her friend's. "If you're as crazy about it as all that, we'll read it first. Though I have a confession to make—I beat you to it. Read it before school, as soon as the magazine came."

●  
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# CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

... and it is high time  
to start handicraft gifts



The mere thought of **LEATHERCRAFT** suggests gifts—such as purses, wallets, tobacco pouches, book covers and gloves. Smaller and very inexpensive articles are bookmarks, watch straps, bag tags and coin purses. For the beginner we suggest the projects which include the leather cut to shape, with all accessories for completing the article and instructions. Whole or half skins may be preferred by those who like to "start from scratch," in designing their own gifts. For a complete list of leathers, leathercraft tools and projects, see pages 22 and 23 of the Official Girl Scout Catalog.

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18-121 Cutting knife, set. ....\$ .65

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18-143 Tracer, each. ....\$ .05  
18-157 Stamping tools, set of 6. ....\$ 1.50  
18-161 Mallet. ....\$ .35  
18-167 Oil stone. ....\$ .35

**HANDWOVEN** gifts are all the rage this year—and so easy to make on the Ostlind Looms. Gray threads and blues, black and white, or several shades of green will make a lovely scarf for a friend of any age or either sex. Mother would appreciate a runner for the library table. And think how dressed-up the troop room will be with gay handwoven mats and squares. Light in weight, but strongly constructed, these looms may be set up and moved about easily. They are very similar to the full-size power looms but are, of course, worked by hand. The smaller loom permits weaving to a 6-inch finished width and the larger to a 12-inch width. Instruction sheets for weaving and setting up are furnished with each loom.

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18-601. Set of 6 patterns. ....\$ .25

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